

Caterpillar

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250



"Truth is full, immediate contact between the Living that perceives and Life that is perceived. The truthful experience is the fuller the better the contact. Truth is the more comprehensive the better coordinated are the functions of living perception. And the living perception is coordinated exactly to the extent of the coordination of the motion of the living protoplasm. Thus truth is a natural function in the interplay between the Living and that which is Lived."

--Wilhelm Reich

"in this yuga, the moral imperative is to COMMUNICATE."

--Gary Snyder

* * *

Information on Golub artwork (pp. 195 - 199):

1. "Sphinx" 1955 Sanguine
2. "Sphinx" 1955 Sanguine
3. "Scopaic Sphinx" 1955 Coll: Mr & Mrs Gene
R Summers Chicago
4. "The Judith Sphinx" 1955 Coll: Henry
Weinstein New York
5. detail "Giantomachy" (III) 18' x 9 1/2'
1966

* * *

Samperi's Morning & Evening is part of a larger, unpublished work. The original stoneprinted Samperi/Petersen Morning & Evening folio (reproduced pp. 56 - 92) is available (\$125) from Gotham Book Mart, 41 W 47th Street, NYC. Cover for this issue of CATERPILLAR: stoneprint by Will Petersen.

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* * *

gungnam (c)

JACK HIRSCHMAN: THE WORLD

Oh great spell broken
of the boy into man
now I wear my waiting
in my eyes politely
till you come again
oh poem who is woman
oh sister who is life

And the world's wars
slacken in victory
and the knees of Egypt
kiss the just defeat
and I wear this dark
brood about my eyelids
oh poem who is triumph
oh sister born to live

Here all my magicks
here all the changes
come to this moment
come to your keening
Wie sind Sie, Irisch kind?
Ti kanete, karitsa?
There is no deeper dark
lightness than my sister
my wife



12 June, 1927

To Masao Kumè:

Whether or not this manuscript ought to be published, and of course, when it should be published or where, I leave to you.

You know most of the people who appear in it. But if you have it published, I'd rather it didn't have an index.

I exist now in a most unhappy happiness. But strangely, without remorse. Only that I feel sorry for those who had me as husband, father, son. Goodbye. In the manuscript, consciously at least, there is no attempt to justify myself.

Last, I leave this manuscript to you feeling that you knew me better than anyone else. (The skin of this cosmopolitan me stripped away) At the fool in this manuscript, go ahead and laugh.

Ryunosuke Akutagawa

AKUTAGAWA (1892 - 1927): popular genius of his time. Voracious reader, immersed in Chinese classics, Japanese history, Western literature. Author of Rashomon (1915), basis of the famed film. Known in the US through numerous translations of his "historical tales invested with a modern consciousness."

1. THE AGE

It was the second level of a bookshop. Twenty years old, he was climbing a foreign type ladder leaning against the shelves, looking for new books. DeMaupassant, Baudelaire, Strindberg, Ibsen, Shaw, Tolstoy,

The twilight was beginning to press in. But feverishly he continued poring over the letters on the books' backs. Gathered before him, rather than books, was the fin de siècle itself. Nietzsche, Verlaine, the brothers Goncourt, Dostoevski, Hauptmann, Flaubert,

Resisting the darkness, he tried to make out names. But the books of themselves were sinking into shadow. His nerves strained, ready to go down. A bare bulb, directly over his head, burst on. Perched at the ladder's top, he looked down. Among the books the moving clerks the customers. Odd, how very small they seemed. How shabby.

"The sum of human life adds to less than a line of Baudelaire."

For a time, from the ladder's top, he had been watching them.

2. MOTHER

The mad people were all made to dress alike in grey kimono. It made the enormous room even more depressing. One of them was facing an organ, fervently playing hymns. Another, standing in the very middle of the room, no, you couldn't call it dancing, was capering.

With a hale and hearty doctor he stood looking on. His mother, ten years ago, hadn't been a bit different. Not a bit, ---their odor was his mother's odor.

"Well, let's go."

The doctor leading the way they went down the hall to a room. In one corner in large glass jars soaking in alcohol were a number of brains. On top of one of them he could make out a white blob. Something like the white of an egg. As he stood talking with the doctor, again his mother came to mind.

"The man this brain belonged to worked for an electrical firm, an engineer. Used to think of himself as a huge dynamo, discharging black light."

Avoiding the doctor's eyes he looked out the window. Nothing. Just a brick wall, the ledge planted with fragments of broken bottle. Patching thin moss. White.

3. HOME

In the outskirts in a room on the second floor he slept and woke. Maybe the foundation was shaky, the second floor somehow seemed to tilt.

On this second floor he and his aunt constantly quarreled. Nor was there a time when his foster parents had not had to intervene. And yet, above all others, it was his aunt he loved.. All her life alone, when he was in his twenties she was almost sixty.

In the outskirts in this room on the second floor, that those who loved each other caused each other misery troubled him. Feeling sick at the room's tilting.

4. TOKYO

The Sumida river heavy under cloud. Looking out of the moving steam launch window at the Mukojima cherry trees. In full bloom the blossoms in his eyes a line of rags, sad. Dating from Edo times, the cherry trees of Mukojima. Seeing. Himself.

5. SELF

With a graduate, sitting at a cafe table, puffing at one cigarette after another. He hardly opened his mouth. But listened intently to the graduate's words.

"Today I spent half a day riding in a car."

"On business, I suppose?"

His senior, cheek reclining on palm, replied extremely casually.

"Huh? --just felt like it."

The words opened for him an unknown realm, ---close to the gods, a realm of Self. It was painful. And ecstatic.

The cafe was cramped. Under a painting of the god Pan, in a red pot, a gum tree. Its fleshy leaves. Limp.

6. SICKNESS

In a salt breeze without let, the big English dictionary open wide, his finger was searching for words.

Talaria : Winged boots, sandals.

Tale : Narrative.

Talipot : East Indian palm. Height 50 to 100 ft. Leaves made into umbrellas, fans, hats.
Blossoms once in 70 years.

His imagination vividly projected the palm's blossom. As he did he became aware in his throat of an itch. In spite of himself phlegm dribbled onto the page. Phlegm? ----but it wasn't phlegm. Thinking of life's brevity, once more he conjured up the blossom of the palm. Over the remote sea, aloft, soaring higher, the blossom.

7. PAINTING

All at once he was struck. Standing in front of a bookshop looking at a collection of paintings by Van Gogh, it hit him. This was painting. Of course, these Van Goghs were merely photo reproductions. But even so, he could feel in them a self rising intensely to the surface.

The passion of these paintings renewed his vision. He saw now the undulations of a tree's branching, the curve of a woman's cheek.

One overcast autumn dusk outside the city he had walked through an underpass. There at the far side of the embankment stood a cart. As he walked by he had the feeling that somebody had passed this way before him. Who? ---- There was for him no longer need to question. In his twenty-three year old mind, an ear lopped off, a Dutchman, in his mouth a long stemmed pipe, on the sullen landscape set piercing eyes.

8. SPARKS

Rain drenched, treading asphalt. The rain ferocious. In the downpour he breathed in the rubber coat odor.

Before his eyes an aerial power line released sparks of violet. Strangely he was moved. Tucked away in his jacket pocket, meant for publication in the group magazine, was his manuscript. Walking on in the rain, once more he looked back at the line.

Unremittingly it emitted its prickly sparks. Though he considered all of human existence, there was nothing special worth having. But those violet blossoms of fire, ----those awesome fire works in the sky, to hold them, he would give his life.

9. CADAVER

On a fine wire from the thumb of each cadaver dangled a card. On each was recorded a name, a date. His friend, bending over one of the bodies, working his scalpel, began peeling skin from the face. Beneath the layer of skin the fat was a lovely yellow.

He stared at the body. For a short story of his, ----no doubt, to authenticate atmosphere for a tale of dynastic times he looked on. But the stench, like that of rotten apricots, was sickening. His friend, frowning, continued silently working the scalpel.

"Lately cadavers are hard to come by."

His friend had been saying. Before he realized it, his response was prepared. ----"If I were short a cadaver, without any malice, I'd commit murder." But, of course, the response occurred only in mind.

10. MENTOR

Under a large oak tree he was reading his mentor's book. In the autumn sunlight the oak stirring not a slightest twig's leaf. Somewhere off in the far sky a pair of glass pans hung from a balance, in perfect equilibrium. ----Reading his mentor's book, he imagined the scene.

11. NIGHT' S END

Dawn slowly breaking. He found himself on a corner somewhere looking out over a wide market place. Converging on the market place people, wagons, all gently suffused with rose.

Lighting a cigarette, he quietly approached the market's center. As he advanced, a lean black dog barked. But he felt no fear. Even for the dog there was love.

In the market's center, a plane tree, its branches spreading wide in each direction. Standing at the root he looked up through the weave of branches into the high sky. In the sky exactly overhead glittered a star.

His twenty-fifth year, ----three months since he had met his mentor.

12. NAVAL BASE

The submarine's inside was dim. Surrounded by machinery, he was bending over, peering into a small lens. Reflected on the lens the harbor scene was bright.

"You can probably see the Kongo out there."

A navel officer was addressing him. Staring at the bit of warship on the square lens he didn't know why, but somehow he was thinking of Dutch parsley. Even on a mere 30 sen portion of beef steak. The barely perceptible fragrance.

13. MENTOR'S DEATH

In the wind dragging after the rain he was pacing the newly constructed railway platform. Sky bleak. Beyond the platform chanting at high pitch three or four railworkers lifted and let hammers fall.

The after rain wind ripped the workers' chant and his sentiment to shreds. His cigarette unlit, his anguish was close to exaltation. Mentor's condition critical, the telegram was crushed into his overcoat pocket.

From behind the pine mountain the long six a.m. Tokyo-bound, pale smoke laid low, meandering, approached.

14. MARRIAGE

The very day after his marriage, "Right off, you start wasting money," already he was carping at his bride. Though actually it was not so much his as his aunt's complaint. To him, of course, but to his aunt as well, his bride bowed apologetically. A bowl of yellow narcissus, her gift to him, in front of her.

15. THEY

They lived in peace. In the expansive shade of a great bashō tree's leaves. ----Even by train, over an hour away from Tokyo, in a house in a town on the seacoast. That's why.

16. PILLOW

Pillowed on rose leaf scented skepticism, he was reading a book by Anatole France. That even such a pillow might house a centaur, he didn't seem to realize.

17. BUTTERFLY

In wind reeking of duckweed, a butterfly flashed. Only for an instant, on his dry lips he felt the touch of the butterfly wings. But years afterward, on his lips, the wings' imprinted dust still glittered.

18. MOON

In a certain hotel, halfway up the stairs, he happened to pass her. In the afternoon her face seemed moonlit. Following her with his eyes, (they hadn't even a nodding acquaintance.) He felt a loneliness such as he'd never known.

19. MAN-MADE WINGS

From Anatole France he shifted to the 18th century philosophers. But he avoided Rousseau. One side of his nature, ----a side easily swayed by passion, was perhaps already too near Rousseau. The other, ----the side endowed with icy intellect, brought him nearer the author of Candide.

Twenty nine years of human existence had offered him little illumination. But Voltaire at least equipped him with artificial wings.

Unfolding these man-made wings, easily he glided up into the sky. Bathed with reason's light, human joy and sorrow sank away beneath his eyes. Over squalid towns, letting irony and mockery fall, he soared into unobstructed space, heading straight for the sun. That with just such man-made wings, scorched by the sun's radiance an ancient Greek had hurtled into the sea, dead. He'd seemed to have forgotten.

20. SHACKLES

It was settled that he and his wife would share the same roof with his foster parents. That was due to his being hired by a certain publisher. He had depended wholly on the contract's words, written out on a single sheet of yellow paper. But later, looking at the contract, it was plain the publisher was under no obligation. All the obligations were his.

21. MADWOMAN

Two rickshaws under a clouded sky pulled down a lifeless country road. A salt breeze indicated the road headed toward the sea. In the rear rickshaw, suspecting himself of an utter lack of interest in the rendezvous, he wondered what lead him on. In no way, love. Then, if not love, ----to avoid answering, "At least we're alike." He couldn't deny that.

In the rickshaw ahead rode a madwoman. Not only that. Her sister, out of jealousy, had committed suicide.

"There's just no way --"

This madwoman, ----this animal instinct driven woman filled him with loathing.

The rickshaws skirted a graveyard, reeking of the shore. An oyster shell crusted brushwood fence, inside the tombstones blackish. Looking past tombstones at the sea, a vague shimmer. Out of nowhere, for her husband ----for this husband incapable of securing her love, a feeling of contempt.

22. A PAINTER

It was a magazine illustration. But a cock in black and white expressing an unmistakable individuality. He asked a friend about the painter.

About a week later the painter paid him a visit. This was one of the events of his life. He discovered in the painter a poetry unknown to anyone. And more, he discovered a soul even the painter himself was unaware of.

One chill autumn dusk, in a solitary stalk of corn suddenly he saw the painter. Tall, armed with aggressive leaf, from the sod its roots like fine nerves, exposed. This was, of course, also a portrait of his own vulnerable self. But the discovery led only to despair.

"Too late. But when the time comes....."

23. SHE

The square growing darker. His body feverish, walking around. The big buildings, so many of them, vague, in the silvering sky electric lights of windows upon windows glowing.

At the curb he stopped, to wait for her. About five minutes later, looking strangely haggard, she came up to him. Seeing his face, "Nothing. Just tired--", she smiled. Side by side, they walked the dim square. It was their first time together. To be with her he felt he would give up anything.

Later, riding in a taxi, she fixed her eyes on his face, "And you won't regret?" He answered flatly, "No regrets." Pressing his hand, she said, "I won't regret, but--". In that moment, too, her face seemed moonlit.

24. CHILDBIRTH

Lingering by the sliding door he was looking down on a white gowned midwife scrubbing the red baby. Each time the soap got into its eyes the baby contorted its face piteously. Worse, it shrieked continually. It smelled like a mouse. All the time the questions gnawed at him. ----

"Why did it come into this world? Into this world of misery. Why was it burdened with a father like me?"

And this was the wife's first baby. A boy.

25. STRINDBERG

Standing in the doorway, in the pomegranate blossoming moonlight looking out on drab Chinamen playing mah-jong. He went back to his room. Under a low lamp he began reading Le Plaidoyer d' un Fou. But before he read even two pages he found himself smiling sardonically. ----Strindberg was not so different. In letters to his lover, the Countess, he too wrote lies.

26. ANTIQUITY

Discolored Buddhas, celestial beings, horses,
lotus blossoms nearly overcame him. Gazing up at them
everything was forgotten. Even his own fortune in
escaping from the hands of the madwoman.

27. SPARTAN DISCIPLINE

With a friend, walking up a backstreet. Moving directly toward them, a hooded rickshaw approaching. Totally unexpected, riding in it, she of last night. In the daytime too, her face seemed lit by the moon. His friend present, naturally there couldn't be any sign of recognition.

"A beauty."

His friend noted. He, looking off to where the street banged up against the spring hills, not able to hold back.

"Yes, a real beauty."

28. MURDERER

A country road in sunlight, smell of cow dung hanging in air. Wiping sweat, he trudged uphill. From both sides, the odor of fragrant ripening wheat.

"Kill, kill."

How long had he been repeating these words over and over in his head. Kill who? ----He knew very well who. He remembered a mean, close cropped man.

Golden wheat. Beyond it, a Roman Catholic cathedral. Dome.

29. FORM

An iron sakè bottle. Some time or other this
finely incised sakè bottle had taught him the beauty
of form.

30. RAIN

On a big bed with her, talking of this and that. Outside the bedroom window rain was falling. The blossoms of crinum in this rain must be rotting away. Her face still seemed to linger in moonlight. But, talking with her was no longer not tiresome. Lying on his stomach, quietly lighting a cigarette he realized the days he had spent with her had already amounted to seven years.

"Am I in love with this woman?"

He wondered. Even to his self scrutinizing self the answer came as surprise.

"I still am."

31. GREAT EARTHQUAKE

The odor was not unlike that of rotten apricots. Walking through the charred ruins, vaguely sensing it, under the burning sky the smell of the dead was not altogether evil. But standing staring at the corpses piled high by the pond the expression "turns one's stomach" hits home. Most moving is the body of a twelve or thirteen year old child.. Gazing at it he cannot help being envious. "Those the gods love die young." The phrase comes to mind. The house of his sister and of his half-brother burnt to the ground, his sister's husband, convicted of perjury, his sentence suspended.

"Better if everyone were dead."

He stands in the ruins, the thought persisting.

32. CONFLICT

He and his half-brother were pitted against each other. True, because of him his half-brother was under continual pressure. At the same time, because of his half-brother he himself felt tied down. The family kept badgering the half-brother to follow after him. Being in the forefront was no different than being bound hand and foot. Locked in struggle, they stumbled off the porch. In the yard where they fell, Indian lilac, ----he sees it even now. ----Under a rain laden sky. Flares of scarlet blossom.

33. HERO

How long had he been gazing out of the window of Voltaire's house, up at the towering mountain? Up on the icy summit not even the shadow of a condor could be seen. Only the stumpy Russian stubbornly continuing up the slope.

After darkness had closed Voltaire's house, under a bright lamp he began composing a poem. In his head the figure of the mountain climbing Russian emerging.

Above all others you
Kept the Decalogue
Above all others you
Broke the Decalogue.

Above all others you
Loved the people
Above all others you
Despised the people

Above all others you
Burned with ideals
Above all others you
Knew the real.

You, born of our Orient
Weed scented
Electro-
loco motive

34. COLOR

Thirty years old, he had for some time been in love with a vacant lot. A ground of moss, on it broken bricks, fragments of roof tile. But in his eyes a landscape by Cezanne.

He remembered his passions of seven or eight years ago. That seven or eight years ago he hadn't understood color, he realized now.

35. MANIKIN

To not care when he died, to live a life of intensity was his desire. But actually his life was one of constant deference to foster parents and aunt. This submissiveness formed both the light and shadow of his being. He studied the manikin standing in the tailor shop window, curious as to how much he resembled it. Or consciously so. ----His other self had already settled the question. In a short story.

36. TEDIUM

With a university student he was walking through a field of tall tufted weed.

"You still have a lusty desire for life, haven't you?"

"Right, ----and so do you....."

"I don't have it. A desire to work, that's about it."

That's how he felt. For a long time now he had lost all interest in life.

"But a desire for work and a desire for life, aren't they the same?"

He did not answer. Over the field of the red tufted weed, a volcano. The fiery mountain arousing in him an envy. But just why, he couldn't say.

37. THE NORTHERNER

He happened to meet a woman who was his intellectual match. Only through writing poetry, like "The Northerner", did he manage to avoid a crisis. It was painful, like watching frosted, glittering snow falling from a tree.

Sedge hat whirled by the winds,
Falling by the way
Who cares for my fame--?
Yours matters

38. REVENGE

Among budding trees, a hotel veranda. He was drawing, amusing a child. The only son, of the madwoman he had cut relations with, seven years ago.

The madwoman, lighting a cigarette, looked on. Oppressed, he kept right on drawing trains and aeroplanes. It was a good thing the child was not his. Being called "Uncle" was bad enough.

After the child wandered off, the madwoman, puffing at her cigarette, teasingly, turned to him.

"He does take after you, doesn't he."

"He does not. In the first place....."

"Oh? You do know, don't you? about prenatal influence."

He turned away. Silent. Deep inside was a desire to strangle this woman. That the cruel urge was in him, he could not deny.

39. MIRRORS

He and his friend were in a corner of a café, talking. His friend, eating a baked apple, was remarking on the recent cold, etcetera. He, in the midst of the small talk, suddenly became aware of contradictions.

"You' re still single, right?"

"No. Getting married next month."

He had nothing more to say. Inlayed in the café's walls countless mirrors reflecting his image. Icily. Somehow menacingly.

40. CATECHISM

You attack the present social system, why?

Because I see the evils born of capitalism.

Evils? I didn't think you discriminated between
good and evil. In that case, how about your own life?

----The discussion was with an angel. Impeccable.
In a silk hat.

41. SICKNESS

He began suffering from insomnia. His strength was beginning to fail. A number of doctors diagnosed his sickness. ----Acid dysepsia, gastric atony, dry pleurisy, nervous prostration, chronic conjunctivitis, brain fatigue,

But he knew the cause of his malady. It was his sense of shame before himself, mingled with his dread of them. Them, ----the public he despised.

On a snow cloud clouded over afternoon in a corner of a cafe, a lighted cigar in his mouth, his ears inclined toward flowing toward him from the gramophone, music. Strangely penetrating music. He waited for its end, then went over to the machine, to examine the label on the record:

Magic Flute ---- Mozart

All at once he understood. The Decalogue-breaking Mozart, after all, also suffered. But, Mozart never,His head lowered, silently. He returned to his table.

42. LAUGHTER OF THE GODS

Thirty five years old, strolling through a grove of pines struck by the spring sun. "The gods, pity them, unlike us cannot kill themselves." These words of two, three years ago returned.

43. NIGHT

Once again night was closing in. The wild sea in the dim light incessantly erupting in spray. He, under such a sky, for the second time was wedded to his wife. It was joy. And anguish. Their three children with them, looking out at the lightning in the offing. His wife, hugging one of the children, holding back tears.

"You see the boat out there."

"Yes."

"The boat with its mast broken in two."

44. DEATH

Good that he was sleeping alone. To the window grate he tied a sash. But inserting his neck into the loop, terror of death overwhelmed him. The dread, however, was not of death's agonies. The next try, he held a pocket watch in his hand, to time the strangulation. There was but an instant of suffering, then everything began to blur. If he could just cross over, he would enter death. He studied his watch. The pain had lasted about a minute and twenty seconds. Outside the barred window it was pitch black. In the darkness, rending it, the crowing of a cock.

45. THE DIVAN

The Divan was going to give him new life.

Till now he had been unaware of the "Oriental Goethe." With an envy almost approaching despair he saw Goethe standing on the far shore beyond good and evil, immense. In his eyes the poet Goethe was larger than the poet Christ. The poet's soul holds not only the Acropolis or Golgotha. In it the Arabian rose also blooms. If only he had strength enough to grope in the poet's footsteps, ----The Divan finished, the awful excitement abating, there was only contempt for himself. Born a eunuch.

46. LIES

The suicide of his sister's husband all at once flattened him. He had now the added responsibility of his sister's family. His future as far as he was concerned was the grey of twilight. Coldly grinning at his own spiritual collapse (fully aware of all his weaknesses and vices) he went on reading book after book. But even Rousseau's Confessions was stuffed full of heroic lies. Worse yet was Toson's New Life, ----in it he encountered a hero more slyly hypocritical than any. Only Villon touched his heart. In his poetry he discovered beautiful males.

In his dreams he saw Villon waiting to be hanged. How many times, like Villon, had he wanted to fall to life's bottom. But neither his circumstances nor his physical strength permitted. Bit by bit wasting. Just as Swift had seen. A tree rotting, from the top down.

47. FIRE-PLAY

Her face gleamed. It was like the light of morning sun on thin ice. He liked her. But it was not love. He never even touched her body, not even a finger.

"You' re trying to die, aren' t you?"

"Yes. ----No. Not trying to die. But sick of living."

Out of this conversation came a resolution to die together.

"We' ll call it Platonic suicide."

"Double Platonic Suicide."

Even to himself his composure seemed marvellous.

48. DEATH

He did not die with her. It was gratification enough not to have touched her body. She, as though nothing at all had happened between them, talked with him from time to time. She handed him her vial of potassium cyanide, saying "This ought to inspire us."

It was true, the vial did give him reassurance. In his rattan chair, sitting alone looking at the new leaves of the oak he thought of the quiet. Of death.

49. STUFFED SWAN

Draining what strength remained, he attempted an autobiography. It was harder than he had imagined. Self-importance and skepticism and calculation of advantages or disadvantages were all in him. He despised this self of his. At the same time he couldn't help thinking, "Remove a layer of skin and everybody is alike." Dichtung und Wahrheit ----the title of that book would be a fitting title for all autobiography. But he also was well aware that works of literature did not move many. His own work would only appeal to those whose lives were close to his; outside of those readers there would be none. ----Such was the feeling working inside of him. He would try, concisely, to write down his own Dichtung und Wahrheit.

After completing A Fool's Life he happened to see in a junk shop a stuffed swan. It stood with its neck held erect, its wings yellowed, moth-eaten. Recalling his whole life, he felt a sudden onrush of tears and cold laughter. In front of him was either madness or suicide. In the twilight he walked the street alone, determined, patiently, to wait for his fate --for slowly approaching destruction.

50. CAPTIVE

One of his friends went insane. Toward this friend he had always felt a particular intimacy. Because of the isolation, ----because he knew the isolation hidden under a mask of lightheartedness. After his friend went insane, two or three times he went to visit him.

"You and I, we're possessed by a demon. The fin de siècle demon, eh."

Such were the things his friend spoke of, his voice a whisper. But several days later, he learned from others, his friend enroute to a hot spring had started eating roses. After his friend was committed to the asylum he remembered the terracotta bust he had once given his friend. It was a bust of the author of his friend's beloved Inspector General. Recalling Gogol also had died insane, he couldn't help feeling a force controlled each of them.

Sick and exhausted, reading the last words of Radiguet, he once again heard the laughter of the gods. ----"The soldiers of God are coming to seize me." Desperately he tried to fight off his superstition and sentimentality. But physically he was unable to carry on the battle. It was true, "the demon of the century's end" was even now tormenting him. How he envied those of the Middle Ages with their faith in God. But to believe in a God, ----to believe in a God's love, that was impossible. Not even Cocteau's!

51. DEFEAT

The hand taking up the pen had started to tremble. He drooled. His head, only after a 0.8 dose of Veronal did it have any clarity. But even then, only for half an hour or an hour. In this semi-darkness day to day he lived. The blade nicked, a slim sword for a stick.

(Dead at 35, 1927
overdose of sleeping powder)

English version: Will Petersen

cradled the roller in its rack,
switched off the bare bulb, print in hand,
crossed the garden

to wash, wiping hands in a towel's
fresh white, wisps of cloud over
the east hills

greeting the light
that would roll over me
in sleep

. .

"Now I can die"
--recalling the words as
the night ended,
the work
. punctuation of
the dance

. .

"Now,
on to
other
things. ."

Akutagawa's FOOL I'll try to take
as far as I can. I may not be able to
handle it, but need to. As an act
of relation. .

Will

26 July 62

Morning & Evening

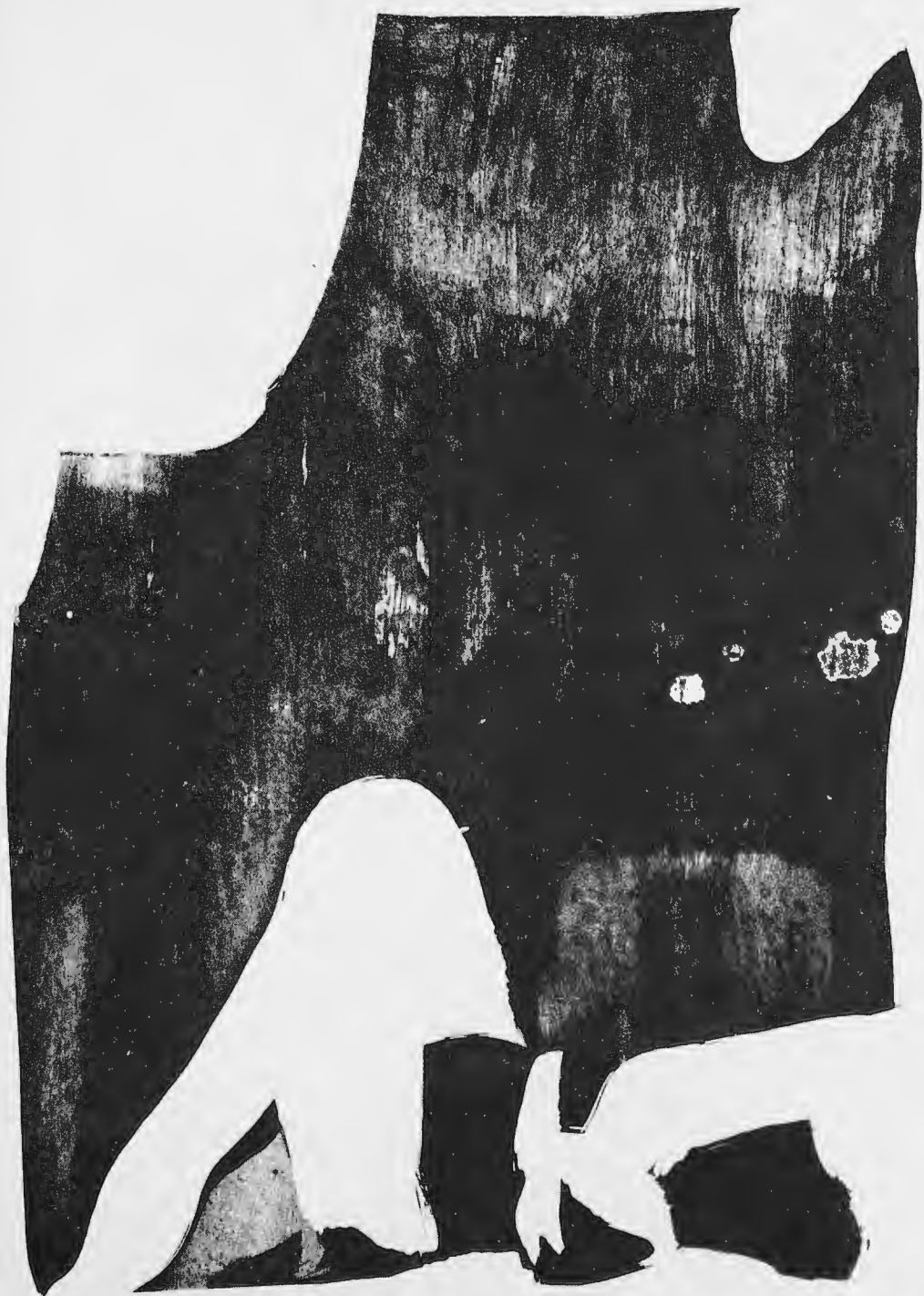
prose & poems of
Frank Samperi
handwritten
with drawings
on stone
and printed by
Will Petersen:

IX

french folds
in an edition of : 50

signed
laid in folded paper case
with ties
10"x13"

1967





impetuous

A man going away to sorrow.
The furnished room: a bed a chair an end
table and a lamp on it. Lo giorno se n'andava
...: he lay dying.

Morning and no sun— nevertheless
wandering under a hill, a man looking toward
rocks and so much farther down a wood.

Architectural pomposity: reflections of
cars and pedestrians in the shop windows in
the skyscrapers of maximum glass.

Sitting under light as if it were a tree,
no shadow anywhere around him, a man who no
longer remembers, seeing the whole world
among branches.

With star and from star and from one's
gathering of the significance of each, a trans-
formation whose flowering's a new heaven and
a new earth.

From a hill, a man down from a hill, weary of
solitude and the cold night, sees the waves
against the sunrise and the gulls under
the cliff.

To gather a spirit up out of its own
consciousness: He stood at the foot of a hill
and the flowers and animals around him gave
off odors suggesting the perfection of fragrance
beyond the hill. Walking slowly, passing by
the stream to the left of a grove, the grass
everywhere perfect in the morning light, some
birds swift under branches, some lighting some
hovering, he came to a place of roses and lilacs
to the right of a grotto, and then past a
willow climbed the fullness of path.



Continuing: If he was capable of seeing the phenomenality behind any impossibility of extrication, then to be in the dark and at peace was more of the nature of a forthcoming transfiguration.

One would have it illusion another fault and either may take offense at the other's sense of former and latter.

Concerning two lines opposite each other whose point in common [and equalizer] is a perpendicular: the point in common [and equalizer] if infinitely removed would still remain the point in common [and equalizer].

Foreknowledge's fault: neither light nor darkness, and then light and darkness and the inclusion completing the one dispelling the other





He wandered into an area of shops and bars: people hung about the corners—streetlights and neons dominated—no inkling of hope in the signs— if there were stars no reason to look up: a man could determine his direction by relation to mechanical light.



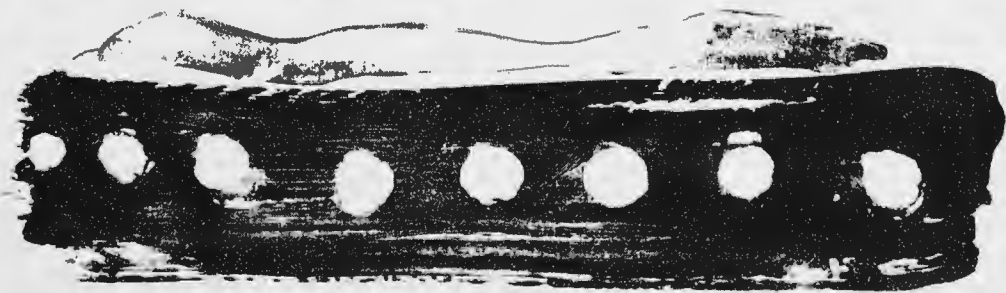
He walked along a shore and then up a path to a hill— dawn at the edge of grass.

Awake! and the hills remain. Sleep! and the awakening that is a dream sees the land sleeping in the folds of the horizon.— More snow on the ground— however, not so bad— the wind's died down.

He walked along the shops under the El— a few blocks down, the ocean.


At the foot of a slope, a man in the light from branches, sees clusters of birds in the glare above the hills.

Concerning an angel dying by a river and a man sorrowing in a street and the nature of the prefiguration of the one of the other depending upon whether one's by a river or in a street.



An angel came down a hill and moved among the flowers along the river-bank to a place where river and grass twisted toward deepest wood; then following more to the right than the line of the river he saw a white flower and a path. Sorrowing along the path, imagining flowering trees on a hillside and birds in the shadows of a grove, he moved as if downward, taking his sense from his movement down the hill, and came to a brook reflecting animals fleeing to woods and at the same time revealing as if under glass birds dying in a withered tree. Then going on, he passed under overhanging rocks to a meadow past vines. He kept close to shadow and a little ways down turned in on grass leading toward what seemed sea. In memory he saw a land exempt from the misery that placed the hill under the deepening of shadow. When he reached the roses at the foot of the slope what seemed sea was instead ice; then he took the path beyond the lilies: along the way, off behind the rocks in the weeds, a stirring of animals. After crossing a stream and climbing a hillock, he moved down into a valley.





He felt as if he were at the edge of a
field next to a forest in moonlight under
sky sloping toward stars. Then he came to
a path leading upward past mountain
ledges looking down on land revealing to
each level its horizon. Continuing along
the path, seeing eagles swooping down on prey,
remembering the grass gradually fading
as he approached declivity, he moved into
a grove where leaf and songbird
trembled under faintest wind, and
then down above branches growing out
of cracks in rocks to a field in snow.
Then he turned to the left and some
ways up beyond the trees under the hill
came to forsythia in bloom on
a slope....



on
a
bridge

behind
branches
an

angel
a
memory

of
sea
a

longing
for
home

scattered
by
the

dance







no
grass
no
trees

a
block
of
homes

cars
speeding
by
in

rain

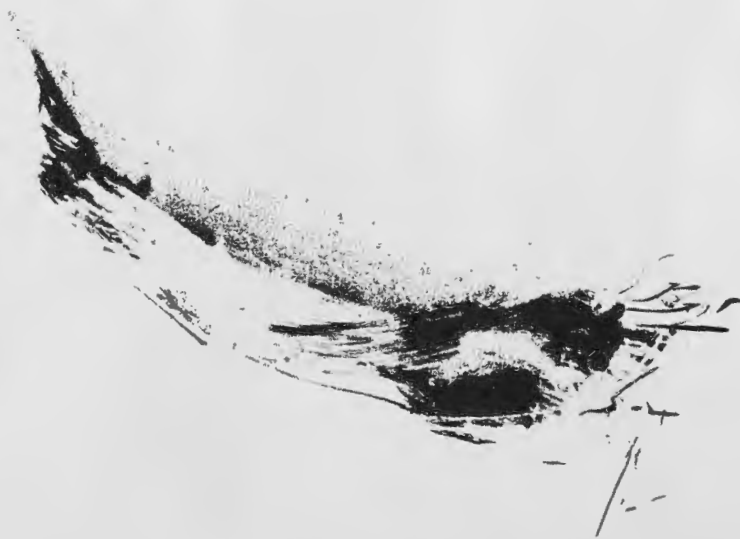
Behold the hill
And beyond
Against a wood
The birds above

The burning grass





Wim Petersen



lie
down
angel
broken

at
the
wing—
the

river
flower
below
you

withers
by
the
wood



Will P. Carson

so
close
the trees
birds

and
grass
along the
river

ending
below
this hill
my

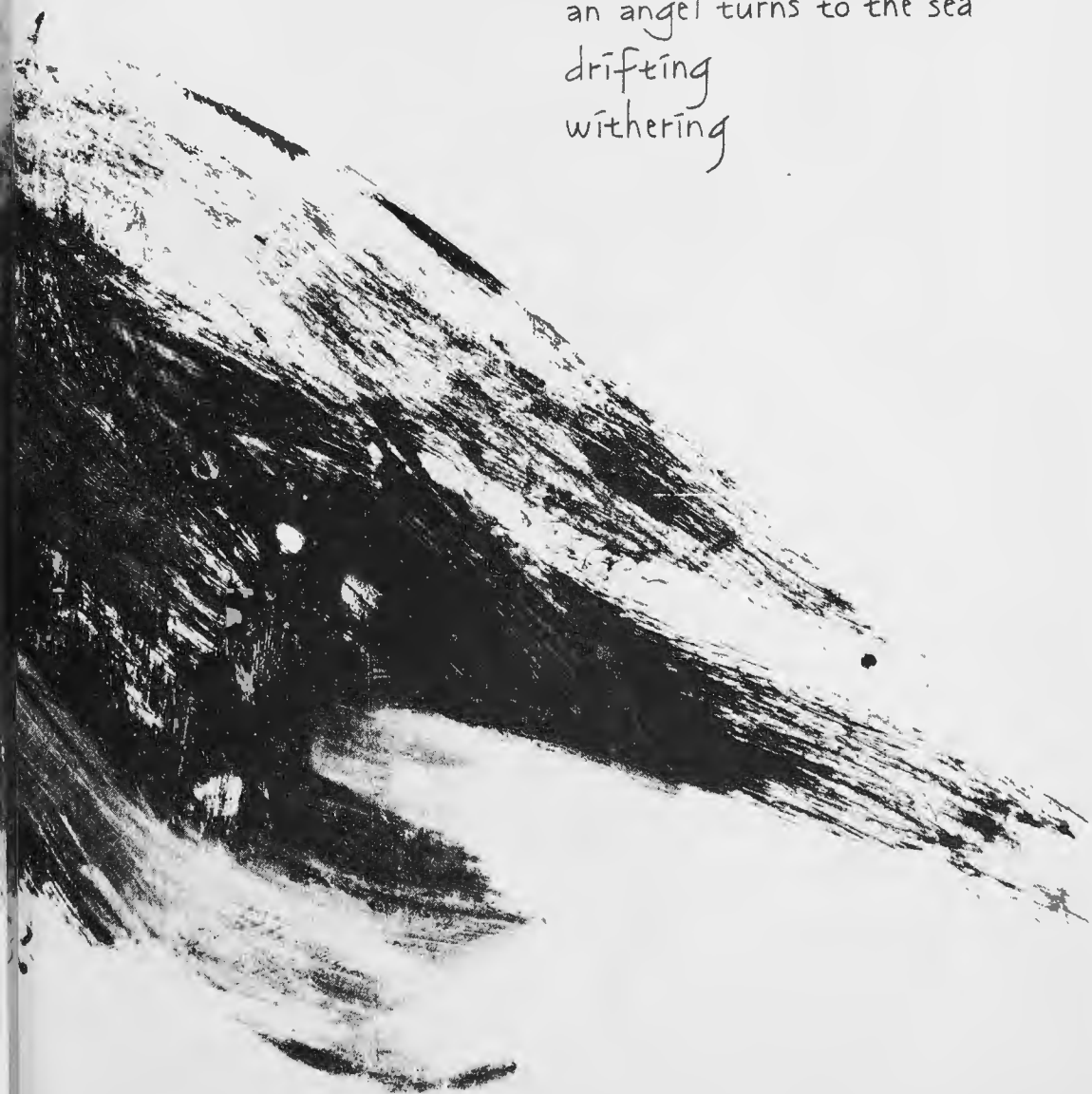
home







last leaf fallen
an angel turns to the sea
drifting
withering





there are

the children linked arm in arm on
the circle of green

and in the midst

a tree




W. Petersen



a beginning of snow
and in a garden
in moonlight
an angel

inwardly radiating

The bottom half of the page is dominated by large, dark, abstract ink splatters and smudges. These marks are irregular and textured, resembling ink blotting or heavy brushstrokes. They are concentrated in the lower-left and lower-right areas, with some smaller marks scattered in between. The overall effect is one of raw, expressive energy contrasting with the clean, handwritten text above.

under
the
branches
above

the
water
from
the

hill
beyond
the
wood

a
flower
in
sleep







shaking
the
dust

the
angel
passed

and
moved
up

off
the
feet

thru
the
city

and
yet
smiling



and
down
trusting

in
the
path





A TEST OF TRANSLATION V:
Catullus 38

Mal' est Cornifici tuo Catullo
 Mal' est m' hercule et laboriose
 Et magis magis in dies et horas.
 Quem tu quod minimum facillimumqu' est
 Qua solatus est allocutione?
 Irascor tibi. Sic meos amores?
 Paulum quidlibet allocutionis
 Maestius lacrimis Simonideis.

My last - Cornificius - your Catullus'
 my - his last breath - by Hercules how laborious,
 making, making it any day now some hour.
 Come to! what minimum facile minum's quest,
 consolations as a late allocution
 Ear I score - to be sick - my, so amorous?
 Poor what lame love it be, allocution as
 misty as, lachrymose as Simonides.

--Louis Zukofsky 1962

Most of the sound & sound effects are missed. Note that the most beautiful & difficult, the final two lines, is captured, tho Z can do nothing with the exotic-to Latin vowel quaver of Simonide Is, and his run-on is not as long as C's. The first 2 lines are the worst. C is working in a strict metrical form, as follows (where x: free syllable, s: short, l: long)

x x l s s l s l s l x.

Z can do nothing about the play of word accent against this form, since quantitative form is not easily observed by English or American ears, but he should have, could have reproduced the beginning of the 1st two lines with short syllables, the only lines which do begin that way. (Unless he wants us to pronounce "my" muh, but if so why didn't he note it so?) I completely fail to understand why he broke the anaphora of lines 1 & 2 with "-his" ????? Also in these 2 lines, the introduction of 3 extra s-sounds by using the nominative (English)

forms of the names is very untrue to the sound. Line three does not sound at all like the Latin. Line four is fucked by the "!" which introduces an entirely different kind of pause and sentence accent. (In general, with the exception of the last two lines, Z doesn't pay enough attention to sentence melody.) Line six is broke into three parts. It's only 2 in Latin and broken in what are the middles of phrases in Catullus.

is hard cornifici on yr catullo
 is hard godamit & wearying
 & more & more each day
 and you - its little & easy enuf -
 what have you said consoling?
 fuck off you bastard. laugh at my love?
 or say something at least as
 sad as the blood from christ's side

--Sam Abrams

This translation purely for the purpose of giving some idea of how the phrases move. of their relative loudness.

other translations, serve as horrible examples.

Angst,
 ennui & angst
 consume my days & weeks,
 and you have not written
 or done anything to soothe my illness.
 I am piqued.
 So much for our friendship.
 Ah Cornificius,
 a word from you would cure everything,
 though more full of tears
 than a line from Simonides.

--Peter Whigam (a racketeer) 1966

Cornificius!
 sick at heart is Catullus, your dear friend,
 sick at heart that labors to beat on,

and worse and worse with every day and hour.
 yet you- so easy and so small a thing-
 what word of consolation have you sent?
 I'm getting angry with you. Thus my love?
 a little something, please, a word or two
 more full of tears than old Simonides.

--Frank Copley 1957 (a well-meaning prof.
 who at least knows Latin, a "literal" i.e., prose sense, version, at any
 rate, he tries for that, little knowing.)

Things go badly with me Cornificius;
 They go badly all right, they are more excruciating
 Every day and every hour.
 Easy for you to console me if you will, but you will not.
 A few words, that is all that is needed.
 I am angry with you. Is that how you treat my love?
 Why will you not utter a few words of comfort,
 A small poem, with a few tears, like Simonides.

--C. H. Sisson 1960

(This Test prepared by Sam Abrams)

JEROME ROTHENBERG: FIVE POEMS

POLAND/1931

"The Wedding"

my mind is stuffed with tablecloths
 & with rings but my mind
 is dreaming of poland stuffed with poland
 brought in the imagination
 to a black wedding
 a naked bridegroom hovering above
 his naked bride mad poland
 how terrible thy jews at weddings
 thy synagogues with camphor smells & almonds
 thy thermos bottles thy electric fogs
 thy braided armpits
 thy underwear alive with roots o poland
 poland poland poland poland poland
 how thy bells wrapped in their flowers toll
 how they do offer up their tongues to kiss the moon
 old moon old mother stuck in thy sky thyself
 an old bell with no tongue a lost udder
 o poland thy beer is ever made of rotting bread
 thy silks are linens merely thy tradesmen
 dance at weddings where fanatic grooms
 still dream of bridesmaids still are screaming
 past their red moustaches poland
 we have lain awake in thy soft arms forever
 thy feathers have been balm to us
 thy pillows capture us like sickly wombs & guard us
 let us sail through thy fierce weddings poland
 let us tread thy markets where thy sausages grow ripe
 & full
 let us bite thy peppercorns let thy oxen's dung be
 sugar to thy dying jews
 o poland o sweet resourceful restless poland
 o poland of the saints unbuttoned poland repeating
 endlessly the triple names of mary
 poland poland poland poland poland

have we not tired of thee poland no for thy cheeses
 shall never tire us nor the honey of thy goats
 thy grooms shall work ferociously upon their looming
 brides
 shall bring forth executioners
 shall stand like kings inside thy doorways
 shall throw their arms around thy lintels poland
 & begin to crow

THE BEADIE' S TESTIMONY

The boy who throws the ball
 A jewel of a boy
 His coat down to his knees
 Earlocks flying

He will grow up to sell candles
 Will eat a dog
 & thrive on fat cigars
 He will bless his mother too

Yes we are simple people
 Yes we drive carts
 & work with shit
 Sometimes we study

Sometimes a fish in the hand
 Sometimes charity
 Eros is the Warsaw banker
 Spain is far away

Kansas City is also far away
 Where did our love go?
 I have two hands & only one wallet
 I want to speak to you about it

Cities & Jews

Walls & what is behind a wall

A temple sometimes

Sometimes a shining diesel locomotive

Sometimes charity

A boy's shadow on the wall

A jewel of a boy

He will grow up to sell candles

He will bless his mother too

THE FATHERS

1

some were in love & grew

beautifully in the half darkness of the home

for which they lit candles

& waited still confident of business

hot for betrayals & clarity

"the-vision" was its name in the old books

the title stuck only the streets

were those of a small western town in august

& some who could hardly breathe there

grew more restless still settled

in vipertown filled the whole country

with clothes & their dream of zion

the woman breasts hanging down to her palms

fixed breakfast "perfectly content to be your friend"

2

the merchant with the pink thick lips

& little hanging moustache

laying tiles for you or measuring your neck
 to suit you or speaking to your wife
 the fat he sold you sputtering in the pan
 & later cold & white filling a milk container
 smelling of injuries & flies was rich
 but took the stagecoach regularly
 to tombstone or other western towns
 short of cash or pissing on the wall
 back of his store started to masturbate
 a gentleman his father told him
 learns to sit on air the manners of the gentiles
 haunt him Be a brother to your wife

3

some broke through a wall others
 fatter with a smell of fish
 around their lips threatened & choked
 eager lovely forgetful violent
 they waited at the dock
 some told them it was nearly daylight
 others didnt know & others
 spoke of the night as though they lived in it
 in love with colors some were tolerant
 of sleep but nervous at remembrance
 some were kings others knew kings
 & dreamed about the weather
 when it rained our fathers left their cities
 as we were always being told

MILK & HONEY

(1)

milk freezes overnight
& the skin feels it
first as a question of color & number
for reasons other than health
or because no one else would take a chance with it
later, having entered a home
it is easier to talk
this is your uncle, speak to him
a little
he prefers to drink milk
says it reminds him of his wounds
& shows them to us
we were always close friends
never more than that
what does it matter if his heart is good
a warm spot in my heart for him

(2)

honey is practical
a device sometimes for cooling
called honey-that-cools
or white honey
it makes a thin line around the mouth
the color of honey matters less
but its taste is a honey taste
always
for the man who tells you, jews
eat honey
you must have a ready answer
tell him
it makes a thin line around the mouth
& tastes sweet

THE RABBI'S TESTIMONY

They are deceived under their hats
 Because they wear them
 Old men with green faces
 & young men with faces growing testy

All will come at me & whisper
 Rabbi, rabbi sit with us
 Make our associations pleasant
 For a glass of unmixed honey

How can I answer for a town of ghosts?
 My lips are blue from it
 Also my balls are blue
 From someone's endless testimony

The rabbi will walk up & down among your women
 & will pretend a birth in old age
 Some days he will gamble
 Others he will learn to hump among the Poles

Oh hump hump lump bump thump
 The rabbi breaks his balls to save you
 & is often cursed
 Nightly the golden vessel bursts in two

The substance splatters
 At the door called sleep he waits for you
 He knows the goddess of the gentiles
 But names her Sabbath

Heavy, cold, delicious, bewildered
 Flowering, wounded in his nature
 Not wounded really but not intact
 He is not wounded or intact

But thinking: Rabbi, rabbi
 Sometimes he spends his winters in Miami
 These are the net benefits of love
 Our fathers called disaster

GILBERT SORRENTINO: COAST OF TEXASSur la côte du Texas

-- Apollinaire

1.

Although the sky
was bright blue and clarity
the exact love

That blank city allows
at times: so that it
did not seem I was

In Hell
I was in Hell. O
love. That impairs my song.

2.

Corpus Christi
is no place to spend Christmas
notwithstanding those avenues
of palms, the white houses on the green Gulf.

The old Mexicans fish off
stone quais, and fish off stone quais.
I ate chili and drank rye whiskey.
A whole novel wrote and discarded in my head.

Notwithstanding those avenues of green
palms, Corpus Christi on the coast
of Texas is no place to spend any time.
Apollinaire himself avoided this blank city.

3.

He never knew it could
be so cold in the streets
of that white city. Walks around
insane the wind tears water
from his eyes.

He thinks he sees her face
in the palm trees, love breathed
out of a bad hotel. In his madness.
His hand that touches him
is hers.

The palm trees the palm trees
are moonlight. His heart is drowned
in the Gulf. O let down
your hair you.
You blue water.

4.

In that sunny room dreamed
he lay with her, book open, his hand
on his crotch.

He woke to the bright day and
smell of weak coffee. Walking
around the room, he went walking
around the room, briskly.

Fuck this sun, O fuck this rotten sun,
O fuck this sun, O sound of gentle bluish waves
piling up. Glanced in the closet
and saw her.

5.

Here they are all running down in the night into the sea
off the Coast of Texas. Bad dreams, yellow.
He wrote stories on hotel stationery
and wept into the pillow. It serves him right
he says in someone else's voice. Dream
of fame. Well the wind
is very wet blowing out of Mexico. She
walked out of his life dragging
his heart along. In her fucking yellow blouse.

6.

A man with a battered
bluish face stands in the sun
on the dock and tells him
about books.

What books! What a vision
of America he has he says, a style
so sweet that. The young man
burning thinks of the woman he loves.

All in the burning sky
she is, all in the burning
sky. And a whiff of orange cunt
come out of Florida.

7.

The interminable novel
between the lines green eyes.

The sheets were rumpled
and he read.

God they twisted their
way through the pages.

There was one simple arrow
of a line in her voice.

Coming from the dead
center of each o.

This is a resort town,
blanco.

8.

She is almost unbearably
nubile. And when I reflect
on the place

Where her slender legs join
in absolute silk I find
myself walking

Around in circles
outside Galveston, sure that
I'll be arrested

But too out of my mind
to care, crazy
in the flash from the Gulf.

9.

Where he walked around
 he wished. He could see a woman. To
 take her place, to be with him
 to his imagination that spare
 odor.

Well.

He watched himself narrow in
 the eye, a slender young figure
 in a faded field
 jacket.

A year later he was happy. Then
 he was unhappy for a long long time.
 In that wash of fearful wet air
 thick in the moonlight

off the Gulf received the poet's
 true guerdon.

Unhappy. A coal. A live coal
 burning through and through
 his life. He has given them

all what he can give them

the rest

died in a hotel room
 with no radio

10.

In the pale light he sees her mouth
open and the tongue come out
in her heat.

Nothing there but the spot
where the road turns
east toward Galveston.

He sees her eyes catch the light
catch the light. Over her his bare knees
in the sand.

Two cars with Louisiana plates
gone up toward the glow
from some diner.

Her breasts free of her blouse
up toward his lips a small pearl
button cold against his cheek.

To live through this
is to live through anything. He
shouts directly out of the
whiskey thinning his blood.

Under the streetlamp waiting
for a bus her face is
gentle in the beginning rain, that
was another seacoast. Grey water.

11.

Everyone knows Apollinaire
went mad on that hazy coast, dazed
under the blue. I went mad
there too.

Particular articles of apparel certain
girls should not be allowed
to wear. Stuck in the mind.

I thought of her with the bell
ringing behind her voice. I thought
of her with the bell.

I wrote down the precise colors
in an old notebook lately come across.
Scent of Castile.

No thing for a grown man
to be up to. Well, her smile
anyway was a crooked one.

Crash and bang from bar
to bar, fall in the water, if you
could see my whole face suddenly

"You'd know just how I've been"

13.

Why have you done this? wrote
and crumpled the letter. Don't you
believe that I could have died for you?
and crumpled the letter.

The liquor store still open but
he had plenty of liquor, My fingers are
cramped holding the air that is you.
Said that.

It is impossible (I'm sorry
for me not to write, here in my blue
sport shirt in this holiday time
at least to say how much I

He left that paper on the little desk
and leaned his hands against the wall,
nothing to make or tear down
his hands on the wall. Vague and broken

14.

Matagorda, Seadrift, Corpus Christi.
Went back into time into clear cold and
a true spring. Actually smelled his fingers.

Later, he understood Lorca's despair, that
white and waxy lemon. That was his heart.
It was No.

You can squeeze it one way or
squeeze it another, smother it in the warmest
of wind

Once the blood has fallen out of it
the blood has fallen
out of it. (Kline smiling.

15.

It was cinnamon that she liked?
Liked Fidelio. Yellow skirts, bit
her nails. Under the limes
he remembered and invented memory.

A woman in a tailored suit too
warm for the day smiles at him
moving from shade to brightness under
the trees.

He smiles back, certainly licorice...?
Probably sweating a little under
the arms, old enough to be his mother,
a gracious fuck. Waft of cloves.

16.

He would come back out
of this butter sun, walking the
2000 miles. Her hip leaning
against a tree her foot pointed in.

Crawl through the snow and
kiss her stockings and the collar
of her blouse. Even through Georgia.

He will listen to opera and Jewish
jokes, get the fuck down
in the slush and touch
her shoes.

Do without a hat in the wind
off the Atlantic and weep
into her crotch.

He could sleep in pajamas get up
to a job and eat lunch with
fascists and morons, buy her
boxes of Tampax.

She had a crooked smile put
his hands between her garters
and her thighs.

ROBERT KELLY: THREE POEMS

ASTRONOMY

I

Uxmal madman. I see stars. He saw stars he said along the grooves his fathers delved for him line after line in the wall. That is Venus rising. That is Venus he said rising once in every other earthly year. Madman of the Caracol. I am the madman of the Caracol he said & sight along the obvious a burst of far-off familiar splendor. Palenque madman. Ziggurat madman. Ulugbeg of Samarcand. I was Ulugbeg of Samarcand & catalogued a thousand stars or more he said. I sight along the obvious & see familiar splendor rise beyond us like Orion like Crux like Leo with Regulus like Cassiopeia like Hydra like the Hyades. I sight along the now & see the then, the radiance of our own past acts returned along the lines of sight. He said he was Ulugbeg of Samarcand & came along the obvious.

II

Now Rabbi Menahem said the name of Science in these matters was Presumption. He said we may not measure G-d. He said the name of Science in these matters. Sir Bernard Lovell stole a picture of the moon. There was timing in these matters. The hand of Mme. X materialized upon the shoulder of Camille Flammarion astronomer of France. He said I felt her hand upon my shoulder.

III

She had come out very quietly & lay naked on her belly at the side of the road nestled down some in a little gully. She rested her right cheek on the full of her right arm past which cool water trickled in the gully. The Dipper was above her. Every now & again a car would come roaring by sometimes only a foot or two from where she lay, sometimes spattering water on her. Once some laughing kids threw some empty beer cans out the window. One of them bounced off her back & made her shiver. One of them landed way up the gully ahead of her. Whenever a car came up from behind her its head-

lights would make the can shine like a jewel or the eye of a silent watching animal or a star fallen to earth.

IV

I am Sir Bernard Lovell these pictures are free for all men's use. He said he was Sir Bernard Lovell those pictures were free for all men's use. To use them. The Russians said that since they made the pictures they should show them first. That is only fair. He said he felt her hand come to rest upon his shoulder. I felt the moon rest on my shoulder. I said I felt the moon rest on my shoulder.

V

When the stars are very bright the cock crows.

VI

In these matters is presumption. Will we measure G-d? Which of you was there he said when I made the Pleiades appear to shine or all these things make music at the end of night? But when the sun comes there are no pictures on the moon. Our past returns to us in accordance with its light. O you are who you were yesterday. O I know you. O I know this place well. When the stars shine we know no place well. I felt her hand upon my shoulder. The lights of the stars are the lights of single events past & future. They have no context. They have no place. He said they are single events. O I know you when the sun rises.

VII

I am Ulugbeg of Samarcand. I felt their hands upon my eyes. They turned me so I could see. I saw them with my naked eye. In the Caracol I saw Venus rise. Madman of Palomar. He said I saw Venus rise. Along the pathways of the obvious forgotten events transpire again. He said he was Ulugbeg of Samarcand. He said he built a dance-floor where the stars could dance. He said he named & numbered them.

VIII

Al-Hecka's rays upon the moon's give a woman witchcraft, make her a poisoner & a sorceress. Menkar's rays propose a fierce wild animal to bite the native. I am Ulugbeg of Samarcand I saw with my naked eyes all past things return along the highway of the night. He said he saw the splendor of their radiance. Madman of Cracow. Madman of Cockcrow. Madman of the inner eye naked to these comings. He said he saw the splendor of their origins. All men may use these pictures. They show the moon. He said they show the moon.

IX

I felt her fingers rest upon my shoulders. Who will measure them. He said the names of G-d upon them. He said he was Rabbi Menahem & Science was presumption in these matters. Who knows the age. Who knows the brightness on itself returning. He said he knew the brightness on itself returning. He said he felt her fingers rest upon his shoulders.

1966

THE VISION WHICH IS THE BOOK OF THE RUNNING WOMAN WHICH IS

ל ג ה

THE REJECTED, THE SENT

off into the wilderness (by the book, Mecca)
being sent with her child without water & food,
bare thorn bush, to gnaw those sad branches
Now her thighs were white & soft,
the angel of the Lord declared a well
in the Désert

(Deseret --- your hips, Ruth,
your imagination of Texas, cottonwoods by the branch,
you offering yourself beneath each one, a taste & no more,
gasoline romance, the cash, the car spent in desert roads,

an intercourse)

your hips & how we
fled from things, your body twisted at stairtop)

Hagar! Flight
into nowhere from the Long Island parkways,
into nowhere from the Bronx street,
Shaker Heights train into nowhere,
into the places which are not,

flight
where I cannot follow, where no child I make
stands at my knee

(in the last avenue of morphine I found you,
came to you in the Spiritual Places where you & your sisters
kept a Grail filled with honey

filled a pen for me with natural ink
& held my hand while I wrote your american historys
cold windows & red sumac,

sugar maple brittle as gold)
woman of flight & rooms of a house,
woman, house you are,
rooms of you,

Hagar, the Rejected, the Fled into Desert
(room after room of the endless world)

mother of no one,
mother of red seed & white egg,
mother of black sand & sulfur spring,
mother of alkali meadows,

woman. But the Lord
opened a well in the desert,
your child drank your breast,
drank your blood when the breast dried,

Hagar,
the thorn you tore your breast with, Hagar, for him who also
leaves you, even he,

even the conglomerate stone
rolled from your hand.

Hagar, the car was empty,
the face at the steering wheel no face,
his cock you kissed
was fertile of nowhere.

The song of Hagar
in the broken foursquare temple, altar of alkali,
at the gate of despair:

Did I not serve your power,
emptying lord
of a half-lidded eye,

did I not bear your unmeaning
to you again in the wordless child?
Why do you drive me away
to a land without water

where even that fruit falls away
untasted from my mouth
that starts from your limestone thighs?

Measurement of his face) Hagar saw
the broken kilometers of God's jaw,

the earnest millstones of his face, howl
of hypocrites snorted from his nose, her soul

understood the interrupted journeys of his eyes,
knew the foreshortened forehead, amber hair,

Hagar carried . Nowhere in her side.
Under the lizard tree she cried.

Angels
made a rock pool,
caught salamanders

(she wanted to learn nakedness,
to come naked into the room when all the men were there
smoking & scratching,

the pool mirrored
the stars. Every pool will. Sweet
chicken meat of lizards,
campfires)

I learn

to run away, I learn tomorrow)

Broken journey. Her child recoils upon its spiral,
returns to her dust. Haploid morning. Hagar

down under the torture tree. Her fugue.

(Part Two: The Rose Garden of the Magician)

(enough of roses)

The columns ascend
& with their faces

protract
the closing circle of,
enough of roses!

What .
is the name of this time?

rose time . thorn time . red time

soft
(enough of roses!) flower, will we
ever have

(enough of roses)
the cross
borne for us from the beginning

the crucifixion in the rose's heart
the cross-eyed fiction only
we come to at the ends of our noses,

wise men of Sodom
to sea in their salt
washed their weeping away,
first
material light of seed & thorn & roses

(enough of roses)
I yoked my eyes

followed my nose
saw & wept

dry the place I came to.
The prince

reposed, said "Enough of roses!
Bring me ices, & spiced wines,
spiked wines & sure bets,

let those dance
who'll dance to me of more than roses
let me in their body's journey

past all . inversion"

(through separation,

petals full, tread light

hips examined by thorns, plucked

a lively satisfaction,

separation)

"dance" (Scheidekunst)

"dance"

(the separations, scheide diese Liebe)

"dance

them for me who dance beyond desires,

rub against the painted columns

& smear with their exertions

the faded roses of wise instruction."

So the prince reposed.

Morning.

And evening aromatic as the moon

entered the magician's body:

wake to this dance you called for,

this is the president's cotillion,

quadrille of the christmas wolf,

pavane of lost occasions,

leap

the galliard of unlikely pleasures,

do not touch the book.

Tame the flame.

("I see too much," the Prince complained.)

"Take these dance away."

Gone, they leave

nothing behind. Ritual inversion.

The Prince sleeps. All night the magus

tends the disembowelled fires,

nibbles the flame.

Far am I Lord away

heal me with these flickerings heal

with flame & over-narrated rose

Far as I am I am no place

MARGARET RANDALL: PROSE POEM

his mouth covers mine as the door closes. with one hand
he unbuttons his pants, they drop to the floor. on the
sheets of the clean hotel bed, luxury.

soft exploration between my legs, the waters a voice of
their own, no hesitation but slowly, slowly, a place of
its own. i hear him say he wrote for years, every day,
the notebooks piling up i see them in the blackness of
this room, the poems, never shown never exposed for the
Party might not understand. the man in the resistance,
the man who organized, the man who became economist,
sociologist, worker working and working but never poet
in the light of day. and always poet.

and coming hard in the endless sky made finite in my years.
i was four at the break of that sane war, i was jew though
my father changed his name, i was jew in the tension of
my throat, he redeems the jew in me. now in this explosion
fast in my groin as i come up to meet the finger shaking
over the conference table the leg cracked to pieces and
made whole the book of poems on the bedside table the force
of his body. here.

i understand. :woman as wife, mother, lover, needy,
willful, separate, whore, nymph, rival, partner, companion,
comrade, bed, wall, hands, nursing the seed --- but never
don juan tenorio. never the conquest. no instrument re-
moved from man entire.

E. D. HOWE: THE LIVING WORD

Words do live. And their life is not just impressed upon them by those who use them. They are alive in themselves, and change those they touch with their vitality. A word has an intrinsic power far deeper than the understanding of most of us who toss them about so playfully. Our own lives are shaped by the words we learn and live with.

More specifically, there is in sound itself a selective gravity which follows formal laws and patterns of significance. Their roots drink from a source far more knowing and interconnecting than the most assiduous etymology even suggests.

To make the point even more plainly: at the risk of apparent glibness which is not intended, the Book we live by (whether we agree or not) tells us openly: "In the beginning was the Word." That everything, including us, was made by it. And that the Word was "Good." All beyond comprehension. But not beyond intelligibility. It is outspoken statement, strictly translated, and "full of grace and truth." It is worth some consideration, for this Good Word is not a sectarian dogma but an effort to present a universal actuality clearly, so men can understand themselves. Words are holy forces, and should be taken, and given, most seriously.

Now I am no philologist, though I am decisively (and obviously!) a "lover of words." And, though I do not pretend to any Authority in what I say, I most emphatically do herewith assert my sincerity and enthusiasm, as well as some valid elements of intriguing novelty and imagination in their use.

I cannot solve the barely expressible profundity quoted above, but can say I have felt a bit of the staggering miracle it suggests in watching what words do, even with me. Therefore, I'll now note a few of their workings that I've noticed.

To begin at the beginning -- we are informed in the Manusmṛiti that:

" Utterance (VAK) brought forth all the Universe.
He (GOD) said 'BOO!' (usually translated *Bhu*), and
the Earth was born. From this 'B' he made all things."

That also is pretty straightforward. Our chief puzzlement springs largely from our loss of contact with the significance of primitive sounds -- primordial syllables, or even individual letters -- and indifference to word composition generally. We tend to speak rather unthinkingly in the larger structures of compounded words, phrases and habitual sentence-forms, and have forgot-

ten the potencies of the units they originate from. Most people have not even thought what their names mean!

This original "B" (or "P" -- for the plosive labial puff is variable but equivalent) is the "first expression of latent power" in manifestation. It always carries the same ("male") implication of initiative expansion or thrust, whatever the carrying vowel(s) may be. And, interestingly, it has a strong inclination to repeat itself, as if for self-reassurance that it has really happened. For example, almost all languages have it for the common-talk father-designation: papa, or baba (abba), and pope. Not always indisputably "masculine," it nevertheless implies outgoing action in almost all cases: Be (bop); pop; poop (poo-poo); bob; bobby; pip; pep; pee-pee; baby; boo-boo; B-B; bye-bye; boy, buy and pay; and so on (to suggest rather than exhaust). The letter (s) as they are written show this pushing out from the erect digit of primal potential. (This is all much the same with the somewhat softer "D-T"s.)

Likewise, the indrawn labial "M" (itself the symbol of water, that ageless sign of matter or primary material from which all is born) is the "female" generative, also tending to be doubled: mamma; mum or mom; amah; my-my (exclamation or expletive!); mame (maim!); me and my etc. Most of the "mother"-words or -letters with latent fecundity (such as MEM in the Hebrew, meaning "water") begin with "M" as well. The "sacred word" of the Hindus - "OM" - that contains everything in its final dot which is the "M", displays it most completely and simply. And we know it well enough in the eloquently explicit suggestiveness of that sound itself -- "mmmm" -- which can indicate either hesitant indecision or entire acquiescence and satisfaction. (It is much the same, but rather less, with "N"s.)

The "first word" (BOO) that Vach ("speech") spoke actually means "to be." And the purpose of the recitation of the holy syllable "AUM" is the re-involution of consciousness into itself. The one out-going; the other reintegrative or retentive. Explosive; and restrained or withdrawn. Baying (being); or "keeping mum."

A few more stimulative suggestions: hub, hoop, hope, happy, whoop, weep. (Ahaba means "to love" -- hubba-hubba! All self-expression.) Likewise: "OM" = Amen ("so be it" -- an inactive state of existence), or Amon (that "hidden one" which was before anything began, out of which it all came). "I AM" is static, self-contained. (But, just for amusing ambiguity, the Phoenicians -- whence the Phoenix! -- use "b" and "m" without distinction, interchangeably... "Nothing is perfect!" -- all Rules have their "proving" exceptions!)

Similarly, on this other hand: hum, whom (him!), home, aim, whim; and also sundry of those most-commonly used, close-lipped and semi-said or half-withheld, "unspellable" words we all know without "learning":

hm? (usually written "huh")
mhm (uhuh: "yes")

hm-m (hunhuh: "no")

Hmh! (Huh!: "so!") ... also Ugh!

mHmh! (Aha!) and yum-yum!

Hm-m! (Ahem) -- Col. Hoople's Harumpf!

hm-hm (ho-hum -- after the yawn!)

hm-hm-hm (ha-ha-ha)

... and many variants of such covered or unnecessary articulations of almost-shared being or feeling -- all those near-unspoken grunts and sniffs of intimate communication that are embarrassed or embarrassing at open release. (These inchoate "words" are the as-yet-undifferentiated, "bisexual" ambivalencies - Elohim! - that preceded and gave birth to all others.)

Consonants are the building-blockages, vowels the energizers. Words can be understood pretty well even if enunciated with an unchanging vowel, but some vowel is essential for speech. Vowels alone are "unspecific ejaculations of life-affirmation" -- Ah, Oh, Ja, Oui, Yea, Aye, Yowee, Ooh, and the like; or general personal assertion - I, you, we; or just openness -- eye, owe, ewe, way, awe, away. The first, middle and last cries of life are open-throated vowels. God (YAH) speaks through Matter (Moses, Mary etc.)

Let's take another tentative step. The common sound signifying deity in the West (where the idea of a Creator has a vital meaning) is "L" (El, or Al in most tongues of the "fertile crescent," where our language flowered). The Hebrew letter means a "goat" (God), which prods into activity the "cow" (Skt. Vach) of incipient speech (among other things). Allah is a contraction of "al-ilah" ("the strong"): "La ilaha illa Allah" ("There is no god but God.") -- all "L"s. In Tibetan esotericism, Lhas are the effective agents of manifestation, and our present scientists seeks assiduously for the single LAW that is behind ALL observable operations in the universe. Eli = God!

By addition of life-giving vowels to the form-making consonant, we get: hale, heal, hail, ail, ill, ale, heel, halo, hell, hall, hill, hyle, hole, whole, holy, holey, hull, allow, hello, hollow, hallow, and so on and on... ALL having, even in their ambiguities, a common indeterminate implication of imminent (immanent!) Possibility, or "readiness" (which "is all"!).

If the positive "B" is joined with this prime potency we get more definite form, such as: ball, bell, bowl, boll, bill, bull, bale, and the like (as well as the persistent exoteric or "materialistic" god Bel, or Baal). Or the increased kineticism of: able, hobble, blow, plow, apply, plea, pull, and so on. Adding "M" gives such "static" measures or machines as: mile, mall, maul, meal, mill, mule(!), moll, mole (blind & underground), holm, elm, alum and lime (which "suck in" the mouth), and mellow miel, to mention a few, and to overlook the exceptional "male"

rule-proving contradiction, which (being a specific antithesis) is actually just the "other half" of the same thing, as Jung has well taught us... The "Creator-God" of Genesis is "Elohim" -- which is, ironically, an androgynous "feminine" singular ('ALH') with a "masculine" plural ending ('IM')!

It should already have been quite apparent, but now I shall say it pointedly: Words may be, rather should be, read by their consonant structure, regardless of spelling and particularizing vowels. In other words, all identical associations of consonants are identical, no matter what open sounds connect them. Older speech notations (such as Arabic and Hebrew) have no vowels at all. The masora or vowel-points of Hebrew are only a thousand years old, and full of equivocal interpretation. All letters have number values which are as valid as the sound and are unaffected by vowels. Words with equal letter-count are equivalent whatever the order, or even form: that is, not only the same group of letters in different arrangement, but any group whose values add equally are considered to be identities. Therefore, what I am saying is only a reassertion of the basis of our language, and full of surprisingly illuminating confirmations as soon as the eye and ear are opened to the forgotten principle which supports everything we utter. Consonants are the definitive skeleton, vowels the flesh and blood that give life and only superficially modify the meaning of the frame they dress and vivify.

The constant, startling evidence of this is abundant to the attentive mind, but here are a few examples that just come to mine: Love, live, leave, lave, life, leaf, laugh, alive, and so on. Adapt, adopt, adept, duped, dipped, doped. Oral, aural, aerial, eerily, oriole, areola, role, roll, real, royal, rail, rill, rule, rely, relay, rally. Illusion, allusion, lesson, liason, lessen, lesion, allegiance... I suggest the exceeding mutability of the intensely living word, which has a will of its own, and "gets out of hand" as soon as it is given an inch of play.

What I'm really hinting at is that (as I've already said rather candidly) the sounds we make to transmit meaning have a better knowledge of their function than we, and constantly seek to maintain and reestablish their indigenous integrity, while we play at stretching it to its limits. The contradictions, inaccuracies and just plain inapplicability of this Basic Rule are much less impressive than the striking corroborations. Try it, and you'll see -- and hear! **READ BY CONSONANTS**, and listen for consonance.

But, in doing this, observe sound more than spelling, which wanders wide. Remember the famous protean "ough" of: plough, trough, rough, though, thought, through, thorough, thoroughly (or borough) and hiccough... (Isn't there another I can't remember? -- yes: lough.) Similarities are akin... Anything that "sounds like" something else **IS** like it. Originally.

Excellent illustration of this consistency within variation is given by the unwitting metamorphosis of common idiomatic phrases and colloquialisms, which retain their meaning through even "senseless" change, while those who use them habitually hardly think what they say and probably have no idea of the origin of the ready-fitting expressions they ignorantly repeat with an air of bland sophistication.

Here are some samples (I list the earlier, superseded forms):

cut and tried	soon or late
lob-sided	start- (tail-) naked
cater- or caty-cornered	work-o' -day
pick-a-back	eat umble pie (entrails)
card sharp	Molly caudle
tit-bit	taw-line (tow, or toll)
puffer-belly	go to pod
rot-gut (I learned it as "rock-gut")	
Weizsäcker (a smart German physicist)	
hum and haw	say pleas
hotch pot and pot latch	flitter away time and energy
to the manor born	sit up and take notes
spit an' image	shamefast
hippy-chippies (heebie-jeebies; <u>not</u> a Hashbury mintage!)	

Pronunciation is a very personal matter, and few will compromise their slightest foible, whether or not it is supported by any other voice: "Have ya heard, Ruse-velt calls himself Rose-velt!" (As if he should know, or have any say about it.) It's a bitter battle, not helped by the difference in alphabets and customs, to say nothing of varying vocal anatomy and usage. Mohammed (or Mahomet) will never get his name said right outside his own circle -- would it work to spell it Muh-hömmut? Likely not, though much fancier efforts have been made. A bit of world-travel has taught me (though I don't remember what I've learned!) that you may count yourself exceedingly fortunate if you understand and are understood by another, whatever the speech involved, which isn't even stable in a single person's mouth, let alone across the room. And be it known that the well-known "bar" old Dan'l Boone "shot under this tree" was called a "bare" (not an iron stick) by the coon-cap who shot him, though it's hard enough to tell a crow-bar from a hack-saw in Bar Harbor!

Remember how, as kids, we learned to recite, not say: "I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep," thinking "Thee" was just the plain article "the," and still tend to say "the" with a long E even if it isn't before "eagle"? "A" often gets the same treatment from amateur (and radio- or TV-script) readers.

Here's another little perplexity that interests me:

deep--depth	(dear--dearth; foul--filth)
long--length	(tall-- ??)
high--height(h?)	(weigh--weight?)
wide--width	(broad--breadth)
warm--warmth	(cool--coolth?)
true--truth	(??--sooth)
weal (well)--wealth	(steal--stealth)
heal (whole)--health...	o(w)hell!

Growth is never completed! Birth on earth: Mirth? Worth?

Simeon Potter, who wrote "Our Language" (not "Oneupmanship," though there's much in common in the subject-matter!), says: "Language, after all, is more psychological than logical." Hear here! He also reavers the old maxim that "in contaminations are the life." Let's consider a few of the contemporary adulterating activities, which may or not leave their marks.

Old Chaucer said, "It am I." "It's me" is already so well-established that only a stiff-neck in starched collar would dare to answer otherwise when queried by cautious or friendly uncertainty. "It's I" now seems to put pretentious ceremony before informal communication, and is almost as obsolete as the archaic "Me was hit," long supplanted by the comfortable convention of a nominative subject regardless of grammar. (We avoid such constructions as "Us they know" and "Him whom they saw" for sentence-openers, or just say "I was hit" or "He who was kicked in the teeth," or similar convenient patterns.) One vivid exception: "Let's you and I" is a glaring contradiction that rolls right out of an uneasy bread-basket, which may not even balk at "Let's us, you and I" if it's feeling "real nice and homey."

After all, a relaxed mind on both sides is a lubricant for smooth intercourse, and if one slips inadvertently into messy habits, it's "only human" -- and God knows that's what He sent the Word down here for: to teach us to "love one another." What's a little laxity of law-enforcement for fence-hopping friendly neighbors?

Carrying on a bit with this tendency, which is full-ripe and growing riper, it is now "de rigeur" amongst the popular commonplacemakers to follow prepositions also with the nominative -- and that's really new! You will always hear on your TV: "Between you and I" (not "you and me" or even, usually, "us"); and "for he and I" (not "him and me" or "us" -- the "I" must get in to it and may soon take first place). It's the same in the direct objective: "You'll find John and I" almost anywhere you're likely to look (for "he and I"). Some will try to get by with "myself" just to be safe, but they are really half-boiled hangers-on egg-heads, and will be out- or over-run before the lap's

finished. (It is amusing -- or terrifying! -- that many, or most, of these wholopping incongruities and improprieties are performed with a tone of easy erudition. Mrs. Malaprop at least slopped her solecisms about with somewhat wool-eyed unsightliness, but these self-convincedly prim pignoramusses bandy their blights in the blithe abandon of "summa come louder" academigodly breeiness.) This has its compensating obverse ridiculousness in "He's better than me," which may be true enough, however it's put.

Another anomalous enormity that slaps one in the face at every turn of either cheek is the carefully misapplied adverb. When WE learned it, it was: "Be very careful about confusing adjectives and adverbs -- you only feel badly if your fingers don't work well, and something sounds good to you if you like it and you hear well and your body feels good because it's well." Apparently the rule was unlearned but the cautionary admonishment stuck, for now there is extreme care to be properly wrong. Everybody "feels badly" these days, and "It would be well" is entrenched even in scholarly style. Very well, then!

"I feel badly" and "You look well" (with the clear meaning of "bad" and "good") are executed with an almost frightened subliminal attention, at least on the part of those who may have heard the lesson. The younger ones don't even know the Danger, and angelically rush in with fearless unconcern, even for the meaning of their words. "Go fast" or "slow" are solidly IN by now.

Likewise, largely attributable, I suspect, to the feminine-equalization-influence, "Everybody" now takes "their" place(s) -- not "his," or "his or her," and the singular-plurality of the referent things "they" act upon is equivocal, and may fall either way. I'm reminded of the "equaliberating" joke I learned at about the same epoch as these irregularations of gramma': "Will the person who lost this dollar-bill please form a line on the right." Will everyone now lose their addled heads? Yes, I think maybe so.

I remember also the rhyme: (slurred together)

In fir, tar is; in oak, none is.

In mud, eels are; in clay, none are.

... and I still like "none are." But I'm hardly alone now, though I'm not yet at ease in error.

The most egregiously offensive neo-illogism that pellets the undefendable ear nowadays is the "filler-plug" that has taken the holey place of the older generation's "uhs" and "ahs." I mean (no, not that one) the hideously insulting, meaningless and invidiously invasive interstitial dribble: "You know, " This noisome little nothing noses its impertinence through every available opening, flat into any unsuspecting "you" (however un-"knowing" or un-agreeing) who happens to be within hear-shot. Many are so riddled with this insidious infiltrator of sensible conversation that it fairly takes over their uncontrolled ego, and we do indeed know well enough all the drivel that passes through their open heads -- and wish we didn't! Some get several of them

into a single short sentence that doesn't say anything worth knowing, if even articulate. And remain completely unaware that they do.

The don't-be-badmonishments I was given anent "as" and "like" are forgotten infatuosities today. "Do like I do" (or just "like me") not "like I say do" is everyday talk as likely as unlikely to be written as well. And everybody these days is "different than" or "to" -- never "from." Agreement in number between subject and predicate is optional or unaccountable, as -- "Most of them," or "the greater part" (of anything at all), either "is" or "are", whatever you like it as.

#

Once upon a time, prepositions were anathematized as "inelegant words to end a sentence with." Championing against the more heinous offense of studiously avoiding it with arch circuitry, our later-day knight of smoking armory (Sir Winston) said: "This is the sort of English up with which I will not put," thus inaugurating a new era of liberal licence. ("Will" and "shall" are no problem any longer -- kids don't even learn the latter, and will do like as they please in any and all cases anyway.) I once heard a friend ask his clerk: "Well, did we get anything we wanted to get in in?" And I think I've actually heard a child complain: "What did you bring that book I didn't want to be read to out of up for."

Be that all as (or like -- like you as) it may, another near-correlative proposition fares fairly foul, too. I mean that "grievous sin" we had to do months of hard penance to even begin to a little bit start to comprehend -- to wit, namely this: "To specifically, emphatically, and with no apparent reconciling motive, split an infinitive" is infinitely definitive! Or should one say, "infinitively?" Do you remember "To with the sun and with the lark arise"? I liked that (thought it good, as well!), and enjoyed running it over just for its mellifluous cadence. Like as not, that's how the sly bug gets his teeth hooked in. And, like (as) "the drink takes the man" who takes it to heart, inebriation with the volatile spirit of words insinuates its wily will into the willing blood with wicked warmth, and one is washed away in a wave of wondering delight.

Like this description of Playboy magazine:

...the modern faith's "miss-guided missal" --
It promotes "making a clean breast of things,"
promulgates zealous assaults and bumboardments,
and promises a piece that truly "passes all under-
standing" in fair-well-come-bust-ability... Its
"pop" tune: "I'd walk a million miles for one of
your smiles, O My (stupendulous) Mammae!"

The point's well-made, I feel. I trust it needs no further development for you to get firm hold on it.

Which bring us (yes, oui) to the crisis in human affairs of communication -- I might almost say communion, for that is what is happening: a striving to express verbally an inexpressible sense of universal empathy which seems to be felt underneath or even within the obvious disunity of the world today. Though the outer signs of fearful anxiety and barren discontent are dreadfully apparent, there are also complementary signs of another kind of unity, a world-awareness which has not been known before... Someone has said, of these last twenty years: "The world has been in a terribly disturbed state, and the single truth is that human affairs have gone far better than anyone had the right to expect... We are bound to recognize in our present time the intervention of a Higher Power that is protecting mankind from the worst consequences of its own folly and unbelief." And that Higher Power, wherever it "comes from" or "how" it got there, is operating in the human heart, consciously and collectively. The "terrible end" may yet come, but that it has not already come is a genuine miracle of historical probability.

But that's not my topic, only an underlying "cause," and good excuse for going on. I am pointing now to the explosive metamorphosis of language, the amazing mutative vitality which has appeared in the last few years and shall continue to accelerate. I mean particularly the sort of free-speaking that burst out of confinement a little while ago, et passim here and there elsewhere, with more probably coming!

Ulysses' wild Irish re-arouser, home-sweet-tomely James Joyously shouted it through the roof-tops without waking Finnegan. Time magonizine has been babbling something like it for almost a regeneration. That glad-rag, hagwagmag candidly calling itself "Mad" made a dizzy bizzness of it, and the Mad. Ave. ad-madmen caught the influenzial virus and continue to flush forth unblushingly, till the get-hepidemic, gushing bed-pande monium is spreading with raging fury that makes wildfire look like grandmother's quiet hearth. Racing flame's "mile-in-minutes" is nothing to this instantaneous electro-cuteness which is Everywhere--NOW!

The peculiar quality which is showing its deleeriously happy head is, however, more than the nonsensual pasting or fusion of Jabberwocky portman-teau-words. It's a real integral union that reproduces from itself with proliferating fecundity. Two or more words joined together that make new loving life in the junction, which changes the wedded words as well. Like a true marriage, through it certainly does "take some time and effort" to make it work, these labors are given eagerly, and the rewards are deeper than pleasurable pass-timing. It touches the quick of eternal simultaneity.

Though they grow best in moving thought, and can stupefy the mind with rampant ambiguity, I'll jot down a few odd tittles as further example. Gird thyself sturdily, and dart into my fray with diligence and energy unabated. You'll need it.

Jottings of a Paradoxymoronic Paronomasiac:

Las Vegas ("plains") is a gamboler's Pairadice
 the Wilde party was a gland' sexcess
 we' re-wolf retroprognosis: "the patient died,
 but the apparition was excessful."
 cannons of law and faith
 cerebrations of the Mass
 shellfish pusillanonymosity
 caged wildebeests (bucks & ewes) are
 "good gnus and bad pneus"
 Cleo was delivered smug as a bedbug in a rug
 "love of mankind" hate of womancruel
 The Queer Life of Florence of Arabia
 was "sickeningly filhorrid"
 sacred cows are udderly encourageable
 The phillibustrious Jubilation T. Cornpone
 is a nincompomp in sorghum-stench
 whorribly adwhorable empathiatrics
 high-price spread of syphilization
 flamboystrous adaptitude for insomnambulance
 the un-handmost male-factor in the smellodrama
 mobscenery of whitch-hexorcising sextacy
 illiterature's belly-laphorisms have retched
 the very pinochle of sick-cess
 some disappointers for satirical indulgence
 in Poe-etic licentiousness
 the feathers-and-tar-spangled banner
 The enterprising add-verb of "doing good" often
 declines (!) all-too-naturally into "bitter" & "bestial"
 "Sick, sick, sick" is an example of illiteration
 The "inalienable rights" of New LeftOover flop-outs:
 "loaf, liberteen, and the hirsute of hippiness"
 resounding brash of a tinkling thimble
 grub-topical lassitudes of a discusseded chow-maniac

I'd guess that's enough. It's more than a mere soup's-on, even for a
 sturdily-girded stomach, though ('pun my word) the appetite grows with such
 use. And it's been well said that "a man's reach should exceed his grasp"
 -- or what's a pot-for? Finally, we've been advised to "love our enemas"
 rather than resist the evil!

Throughout this little discussion I've stuck pretty close to our beloved bastard English (being a 'good American'), but the ideas I've been in-pounding are applicable throughout the Aryan world. Their ineptitude in the Orient and elsewhere are a limitation embarrassing only to a hankering for absolute universality. They work well enough far and wide enough to be refreshingly apt almost anytime they are thought of -- to give eye and ear "a new opening of delight" in this world.

Chinese is another world entirely, deserving an article to itself, which it may get. But, speaking of "Chinese articles," that honorific prefix we Westerners poke fun at which is often affixed to even very "ordinary" nouns (so that we get "honorable hot-bath," and the like), is precisely the same as our own common "the" which means God! (We also take our slang "look-see" and "sing-song" from them.)

And I might make one more point of re-orientation to our Eastern heritage:

That "utterly American," ubiquitous colloquialism, "O.K.," is pure Chinese. Etymological dictionaries admit, after an earnest stab or two at darkness, that its origin is "uncertain," or unknown. Well, it's exported broadcast to the whole wandering world by the merchants of Hong Kong. "Ho-ke," (spoken with a rising inflection) means "It's good." -- either "!" or "?". We've inverted the inflection (naturally!), but you may still observe your own tendency to sound the "H" of "hokay." We Americans were the last to get it, but have superarrogated our credit for it, as for anything else we can get away with. (What a stupid shame -- the face we try to "save" is the arrant mask of the Ugly American!)

#

"Enough! or Too much," says a hellish proverb. But the insistent energy of words confounds us with their self-compounding. The biggest job of "normal" agglomeration is that 9-membered "name of God": IN-COM-PRE-HEN-S-IB-IL-IT-Y. We all learned "antidisestablishmentarianism" as youthful now and thenusiasts, not caring what it meant (fortunately), and using it for its sheer vocal pleasure. Some of us scratched deeper to find "pneumonoultramicroscopicsilicovolcanokoniosis," which everyone we tried it on resented for having to wait so long for it to finish its turgid career. A few dug through to Joyce's "hierarchitectitiptitoploftical" and lost their restraint entirely. Like me. (As I, that is.) Did you know that the longest one-vowel, single-syllable word is STRENGTHS?

#

"The Word is too much with us," unacknowledged and mute. And the name of this Word is "Im-manu-el," which means, not "God with us," but "God in mind" (or "in man," or even "in the hand.") It is an august truism that man is preeminent above the other animals by reason of his power of speech. That is the plain truth. But the further truth of its power over him is only beginning to be given the recognition and attention it merits. The words a man makes are what make him a man, and the particular one he is. (Assiduous repetition of the "Namu-amida-butsu" will make him a Buddha! And the Word Himself said: "Whatever you ask in my Name shall be done." Pretty powerful talk.)

One very particular man made these words:

"I become what I see in myself.
All that thought suggests to me, I
can do; all that thought reveals to me,
I can become. This should be man's un-
shakable faith in himself, because God
dwells in him."

- Sri Aurobindo

What more can be said, or how can it be said more plainly? All talk is an incipient reaching for the immanent capacity to make such words oneself.

We begin by learning the prayers others have found now to say. In the end we must all learn to speak the knowing answer which lies in our own heart. It is hard to speak this truth. But, being human, we cannot doubt that we must try. Finally, our True Word will speak itself through the living body it has created to do its work.

Christmas ' 67

D ALEXANDER: TWO POEMS

D is no proper name

for a man
tho who wld see fish in yr feet

eats well clothes his
family &
is so calld

frm the door of his name

da capo of calamity
to join w/ yr corn
lived only that
being
plunged to the instant of first enchantment
& tried, as steel in water
returns, in its turn, spit & steam

& the fleeting spring roses
spring white flowers or
captive head will shrivel & droop
drab black member the
slack of my time the

black bird skull eats white prick bird

for Rebis, not red, un
sublimated opposition

to rise as tombs in Pisces &
you & me
we
will go upstairs play
kissy-face

will continue thru doors of distillation
 thru mutable welter of leg
 Wheel of Legs to
 foot / door

passage

& it wld begin this way
 that the first word wld be yr belly full &
 pregnant w/ mud

fertile valley of plains too
 deep for me (beginnings

latent milk black
 wld have origin here
 just such as are not to be known

wch bones & muscles have brought me to this place

air, of this black
 wld be bird frm fish
 reflective of the hierarchy of instincts

it is near here, north by Sonoma
 the mining for quicksilver
 female principle

of an animal is univocal

seen as mount
 sacrificial object
 inferior life form

frm wch animals
 come to see yr cunt cld drink frm yr head

the water
the medial element
wch will be seasons of platters
wch will be face as friar
part of the sheet wch is not written

when birth eases
to heavenly fire
its creative aspect
its seed in mud

STANLEY NELSON: CHILDREN' S ODE

Child
 we have never known you
 Even in our
 childhood
 in our

 Vertical
 Stillness Tauler' s Unknown
 Light
 Zohar Lamp of Scin
 Tillation
 Holy Nothing
 ness Beyond this

 Even
 we killed, killed you early, child
 Even before
 you had a voice
 before
 Your fingers
 ecliptic o raptus in the light each day like an

 Equinox
 how I loved
 loved to huddle in my bed, becoming

 Linen and wool, except the urine, its salt

 Taste on my tongue
 made me a child tasting also
 The light, letting it
 Make me sleepy.
 Why does light near ships and wind
 Still bring on tears?
 Once I wrote: "Once I was a child
 " Lulling monsters with an olive spoon. "

on the cold wooden floor of dawn

Huddling among

the wooden freight of wharves, near
the dark
the sinking
Ships, and
And and the
Wind

Except sometimes

two daughters, for whom I wrote of twilight
And holy magical games

It is not the Wordsworthian or biblical child
I most dream of,
but the child
of the dark painters,
Of Tschelechev and Breugel
or Kafka's

With "the smudge of monstrous dreams"

under their eyes

Bleeding their fingers

Under the boardwalk.

Again

I look at you, my daughters, trying to recapture

Myself. Children!

When was the last time I felt anything? Again, again:

Have you escaped me?

For you were put upon this earth

To give all things holy names.

Then you grow up

And the only

Holy

Name

is

Death

AIME CESAIRE: THE MIRACULOUS ARMS

The heavy hit of machete red pleasure full
 into the forehead there was blood & that tree called
 flamboyant no more deserves this
 name than waiting for the cyclone & cities
 sacked the new blood the red reason all
 the words of all tongues that mean dying
 of thirst & when only dying had the taste of
 bread & the earth & the sea a taste of ancestor &
 this bird who cries at me not to give myself up & the
 patience of shouts at each detour of my
 tongue

the most beautiful arch is likewise a jet of blood
 the most beautiful arch is likewise a lilac ring
 the most beautiful arch is likewise called the night
 & the anarchist beauty of your arms held crossed
 & the eucharistic beauty likewise flames from your
 cunt in whose name I greeted the barrier of my
 violent lips

There was the beauty of minutes jewels
 marked down in the bazaar of cruelty the sun of
 minutes their pretty wolfsnout that hunger
 drives from the woods the red cross of minutes that
 are moray eels marching toward the fish ponds the
 seasons the immense fragilities of the sea that
 is a mad bird nailed fire on the door of the land-
 gates there was to the point of fear such things as the
 July report of the toads & of
 despair pruned from stars over the waters there
 where the fusion of days that borax secures
 justifies with gesturing nightlamps the fornications of
 the grass not to be seen without precaution the
 copulations of the water reflected in the seers'
 mirror the sea beasts to be taken in the pit
 of pleasure the assaults of vocables all gunports
 smoking to celebrate the birth of the male heir

in this instance parallel to the apparition of
 sidereal prairies on the flank of the pouch of
 agave volcanoes' wreckage of silence the huge mute park
 with silurian expansion of mute games
 with impardonable distresses of the flesh of
 battle according to the prescription always to remake the seeds
 to destroy

scolopendrid scolopendrid
 up to the eyelid of dunes over cursed cities
 struck by the anger of God
 scolopendrid scolopendrid
 up to the solemn crackling debacle that casts the
 dwarfed cities under the hooves of the wildest
 horses when in the middle of the sand they lift
 portcullis upon the unknown forces of deluge
 scolopendrid scolopendrid
 crest crest cyma unfurl unfurl on saber creek
 fur on village
 asleep on its pile legs on saphens
 of tired water
 in a moment the rout of silos
 detected near
 the danger surface of pools of mounted condottiere
 his armor artesian wells &
 the little spoons of lawless roads
 face of wind
 uterine lemur face with its fingers sunk in
 coins & chemical jargon
 and the flesh will return its huge banana
 leaves that the wind of huts beyond the stars
 signaling the march of the night's wounds
 back toward the deserts of childhood will pretend
 to read
 in an instant there will be blood poured out where the glistening
 worms pull the little chains of electric lightbulbs
 for the celebration of the Compitales
 and the childishnesses of the alphabet of spasms that
 makes the great antlers of heresy or intrigue
 there will be the disinterestedness of steamers of
 silence that furrow
 day & night the cataracts of the catastrophe in the
 regions of human temples wise in transhumanity

and the sea will reenter its small falcon eyelids
 & you will try to grasp the moment the great
 feudal lord will ride through his fief at the speed of fine gold
 of desire along the neuron roads take a good look at
 the little bird if he has not swallowed the cape the great
 king bewildered in the hall full of stories will adore
 his hands so clean his hands raised in the corner
 of disaster then the sea will reenter into its little
 shoes be sure to sing so as to not
 quench the moral that is the obsidian coin
 of cities deprived of water & sleep
 then the sea will sing very quietly on the
 salt scales the Congo lullaby the
 gangsters made me forget but that the sea very
 pious of its boxes of skulls conserves on its
 ritual leaves

scolopendrid scolopendrid

up to where riders scatter across
 meadows dirty with abysses the human humming
 rich in prehistory in their ears

scolopendrid scolopendrid

so that we have not reached the rock without
 dialect the leaf without dungeon the frail water without
 femur the serous peritoneum of the evenings of source

(from LES ARMES
 MIRACULEUSES, 1946.
 Translation by Clayton
 Eshleman & Denis Kelly)





ALLEN GINSBERG: DROWSE MURMURS

. . . touch of vocal flattery
exists where you wake us
at dawn with happy sphinx
lids eyeball heavy anchored
together in mysterious Signature,
this is the end of the world
whether Atom bomb hits
it or I fall down death
alone no body help help
It's me myself caught in throes
of Ugh! They got me whom you lately loved
on soft cloth beds to stick his cock
in the wrong way lost animal, what wd Zoology
say on Park Bench watching the Spectacle
of this time Me it's my body going to die,
it's My ship sinking forever, O Captain
the fearful trip is done! I'm all alone,
This is human, and the cat that licks its ass
also hath short term to be furry specter
as I do woken by last thought leap
up from my pillow as the cat leaps up
on the desk chair to resolve its foot lick,
I lick my own mind observe the pipe
crawling up the brick wall, see picture
room-sides hung with nails emblem
abstract oil funny glyphs, girls
naked, letters & newspapers the World
Map colored over for emphasis somebody born--
my thoughts almost lost, I absorb the big
earth lamps hung from the ceiling for ready light,
hear the chirp of birds younger than I
and faster doomed, that jet plane whistle
hiss roar above roofs stronger winged
than any thin-jawed bird--the precise robot
for air flying's stronger than me even,
tho metal fatigue may come before I'm 90--

I scratch my hairy skull and lean on elbow bone
as alarm clock Sat Morn rings next door
and wakes a sleeper body to face his day.
How amazing here, now this time newspaper
history, when earth planet they say revolves
around one sun that on outer Nebula arm
revolves center so vast slow pinwheel
big this speckless invisible molecule I am
sits up solid motionless early dawn thinking
high in every direction photograph spiral nebula
photograph death BLANK photograph this wakened
brick minute bird-song pipe-flush elbow lean
in soft pillow to scribe the green sign Paradis.

June 1965

MORNING RICE

The inorganic world, yang, is the very mother of the vegetal one, yin. This is why Jesus said on the human level, "Love thine enemies." We must be grateful to our enemy, since it is due to him alone that we are as we are.

Earth and elements sacrifice themselves to nourish and become vegetal as do the pre-atomic elements (energy) and finally the two poles, each in its turn. Man must in turn create and change into... what? What is our destiny? It must be something of the yin category, since man is yang. But the scale of the yins is infinite. Which yin do you like best? I do not know. I know that the greatest yin, the boundless, is our origin which we now and then imagine and visualize.

The Infinite's tolerance is infinitely boundless.

All those who are submerged in the relative microscopic realm, who busy themselves trying to possess and assimilate, who depend upon and speculate upon inferior beings (anterior, biologically retrogressive-animal or animal products) and earthly objects (in organic things, such as gold, diamonds etc). They do not know that they themselves are higher than those beings and objects, for they have already passed their opportunity to become men. To be possessed by or depend upon inferior beings or objects is retrogressive; it is to lose the human qualities of freedom and joy.

What we are attracted to most and wonder at, is always our antagonist who destroys us surely in the end. There is not one single illness in the world; there are only patients i.e., those who cannot see the Infinite, and who do not enjoy an unveiled judging ability of supreme judgement.

All animals are the transformation of the vegetal kingdom.

Everything that happens to you is what you are lacking.

He who can embrace his antagonists is the happiest man.

Give everything, with greatest pleasure and thanks.

I take the position that every disease is produced by excess in diet.

If the country where you live produces annually one million apples for one million inhabitants, you will have the right to eat one apple a year. If you eat two of them, you take away the quota of your neighbor. And should you have paid for two apples, you would have disguised your theft by the strength of violence, called money.

The ultimate cause of every illness as well as of every misfortune of man is the result of an obscuration of his supreme faculty of judgement.

Our fundamental morphological construction is created by the mother's food. The mother is always responsible.

We abandon all chemical or refined sugar, sweets, chocolate, fruits, coffee, spices, white bread, butter, cheese, meat etc., in one word, all that is not necessary to live.

Faith is total independence, infinite freedom, eternal happiness and absolute justice.

To eat is to create a new life for tomorrow through the sacrifice of the vegetal realm and its products. If mistakes are made, this is, literally, the original sin. This is symbolized in the myth of the Garden of Eden.

In any disease, one must begin with the most elementary stage: an unruly, cowardly and ungrateful life. That is to say that one must teach to the patient first of all the vivere parvo, an independent and autonomous life. Without treating the disease from its root, one will achieve no fundamental healing.

Not a single mystery has been revealed since the beginning of our world.

Health is nothing but a good equilibrium established between those two antagonistic systems (yin and yang). Illness is then nothing but a transient or chronic imbalance between these two opposing forces.

(1) Do not eat chemical white sugar and avoid everything that is sugared; (2) Look for the minimum quantity of water that is necessary to your existence and that will require you to urinate no more than three times a day; (3) Use the least possible amount of animal products, especially if you reside in a warm climate or if you are going to visit one; (4) Avoid industrial foods, particularly those with colored dyestuff, imported from afar. A free trade economy violates the laws of the universe in our diet and consequently undermines our health; (5) Avoid fruit; (6) Your diet must include 60 to 70% of cereals and 20 to 25% of well cooked or baked vegetables; (7) Avoid potatoes, tomatoes and eggplants; (8) You must season dishes with salt and use vegetable oil in a tropical climate; (9) The culinary preparation may be by French, Chinese or Indian methods; (10) No vinegar; (11) Masticate food as thoroughly as possible, on an average of about thirty times each mouthful.

Some people try to achieve the supreme judging ability by endeavoring to live like great men of history. But it is obvious that imitation is a mistake. Being very pious, may not these people also be very egoistic? If you are anxious to see what becomes of such people, visit India, the great Buddha's birthplace. There in the streets of Calcutta you will see a poor clerk giving a copper to a beggar, or a merchant placing one or several hundred annas at his shop entrance every morning for beggars who come and take only one anna each and leave without saying anything. According to Buddhism or Hinduism, it is forbidden to express thanks, because it is the duty of the rich to give, and of the poor to take. This is a salvation for the rich. If the beggar calls upon about ten shops every morning, there is no need for him to work to earn his living. Nor does he need to buy clothing, since he receives it now and then. Nor does he need a house or dwelling.... As a matter of fact, there are in India many philanthropic millionaires who distribute the wealth they earned up to the age of about fifty. This is not out of vanity, nor is it hypocrisy, but it is part of religious discipline. Beggars are thus a condition of the existence of philanthropic millionaires and vice versa, by reason of the fact that it is a part of professional religions. Poor officials or clerks distribute food every morning, year in and year out, to hundreds of beggars. This food is contributed by neighbors and by the rich. It is a social industry. For centuries these clerks and

officials have been the representatives of Buddhism's spirit afflicted with innumerable so-called religious parasites.

"The nicer the front, the uglier the back."

Such is the back of India, mother of great religions. Such is the end of a country that was established according to altruistic principles.

Culled, by Clayton Eshleman,
from the writings of GEORGES
OHSAWA -- namely, from THE
BOOK OF JUDGEMENT, Ignor-
amus Press, 1434 North Curson
Avenue, Los Angeles, 1966.

SAUL GOTTLIEB: AUGUST LETTER

Yesterday about 9 a. m.
walking up 53rd to work
a spot of sky dark heavy blue behind
smoky glass Seagram
whispering omens & anticipations
we were lying nude
in that filthy room of that
hotel in Springfield Mass
your coned nipples terrible &
tender smiling woman-smile pleased-
smile walking too slowly to
work you tumescent within
body erect & liquid
softly erect
as my cock
longing for you.

TED ENSLIN:

9th Dependencies

So quiet that I listen
for the dust to fall -
Or the clock stopped
leaves a space
To be filled
by echoes - sounds
created by the distance.
I or fill them:
It depends on you.

+

If I knew it once
I had forgotten it
before chance remark
remade the sequence
event upon event,
and what I know now
is a borrowing
of action heat
reflected by its light

+

turning
 Again
and
 Again
the plant
in the
window
 follows

the sun
+
fine new
 drop
pendant water.

The leave makes ice .

+

The room, larger than it needs
to be smaller as my eye measures
it is totally inadequate.
The walls recede or
break apart,

 but I can pull
them into
 fine fevered scale.

+

Give up the Ghost—
which is smoke
which is shade or
penumbral shade.
Give up, I say,
give up, I mean
the heat.

+

It is best

To

settle

out of the water
the sediment

which falls
straight to the bottom.

It clears the whole.

Eventually

a few turns
of the hand

will raise
it

and rinse away
all trace.

It clears the whole

+

So high
the smoke
of one cloud
covering
a man's hand
golden
in the late sun.

+

The pasture brook
— called beck —
flows openly,
a dark-stored wound
through snow
the
melting spring snow

+

A small darkness
— merely a shadow —
passer between my arm
and the light.
It is momentary,
the flick of an ash
from my wrist,
yet it
changes things.

The quiet
is disturbed
quietly
but with surprise.

+

Something touched me
on this walk:

A bat?

The wing of something
which is gone by day?

Or something frightened
from its sleep

as I am?

+

The house creaks —
not as it

settles

but with frost
which settles

below it:

The growing of a year
in labor.

It comes through
this inside guiltiness.

+

Is that is the reflection
of a mirror?

Light

And the absence
of light

when there is
no shadow.

+

Thinking
that I might finish it
I sat there
unmoving
turning
until
upset of itself. The chain
I was left
there:

Cliffhanger — —
+
Yes, we did,
so do not say
we didn't —
even if discretion
should be prompted —
do not say
a thing which could deny it —
do not say we were not so.

+
A bill of sparks
falling into each other
a dark heap.

The wind pulls
at them otherwise
and over the edge.

+

Oh, I should not have said it—
And the fact that I should not have
said it weighs
heavily against
what I weigh against myself.
There is the problem, still,
of what I said—
if it is the same as what
I should not have said.

+
Not a green bud on them, O along the
gorge thick— they crowd out
the possibility—
no furtherance
in profusion.
Look upon the cottons
a certain lavender.
Not a green
(or yellow)
bud on them
anywhere.

+

I look where the bell
swings free
— the frozen stiffness
beyond it.

+
Parti colored
the fields are clothed
with snow — — with snow
which rises like cream
to the top of the mountain
Cuddled —
the new May green and
a few feathers.

+
I find the counterpart
to what you have given me
digging for other purposes —
it is chance
by chance reading
but not chance.

+

Not in the least -
not left behind -

Or, if you will,
no less than what I did,
suddenly

to enter
the room.

+

Within and without
a kindness

leaving.

But the door on hinges
in
and out.

+

Came out of it -
lapse or lapse -
the confused memory
a heap of broken boards
surrounded by grass
and young bushes:
They will break, too,
in the cleanup.

+

It is not good news.

I doubt the words.

Walking under the trees

I wonder at their secret —
the heat of sunshine.

Well, I had no hand in that.

Last night a girl was raped.

It is not good news —
no news at all.

+

It gives away —

the distances are there —

the sound —

On air the carried
sound and echo.

As if someone were calling
in distress

and lost

The other side of the mountain.

Gives away

away

a way.

+

in hunting
yearned
to be
as one
whose luck
was in his hands
(not caring
much about it)
what he found was
all
the longing
was

+

appeared to be —
well, for appearance' sake
the opening
reviewed and settled —
the place
where the hedgerow died
admitted thistles.
appeared
what appeared in situ,
or in seed.

+

moving
within
movement
Carries
outside
defense
to
the end
of
impingement

+

I stepped into sheet.
I felt the slight grey tapping of it
on my face,
where the rocks ^{and looked up} were pitted with it -
thrusting,
/ trying for the sun.

+

The circumstance outside itself
becomes a circumstance
inscribed within
this quiet room
relates to me
the ipse touched
and nowhere touching.

Salt, in this wood,
from near - the green depth of Thana -
roused by my fire
And the color of heat.^{to heat,}

It reaches me
through metal,
burns out
myself as soon as any other bone.
Reduced to ash,
the savor, still of salt.

+
the door
flaps
in the wind

all's

(right?) with the world

+
slight slight
fall or touch
end or once
before
it equals:

Slight

+

By the strength of the steel
it holds

fastens —

no — it more than holds —

shown

exactly

And with pain.

This piece of steel

straight

depends

lives:

Keeps them

from swinging

ing.

+

turn to

the wall

has many surfaces

the heart

has

many openings

And

the air

many winds

turn

to

+

The weight of the smoke!
Drawing without it
the wind or air of wind
is light.

What follows?

Bring leaves:

The leaves we save to burn

+

Isobel knew this way
knew what was on it
even though every turn
was unexpected
— unexpected

by —

+

The late sun rising —
rises on the earth
against

the pooling
this small snow which
tightens

(in the night)

relaxes.

+

Yet wrong the wind lies —
The lay of the land beneath it.
The land the wind passes
And passes through,
As the following wind to the land,
And the land to wind again.

+

longer
The long way
and longer
it spreads
horses
to a way
to no home

+

Could break
Could be broken
lies
below
lies
the opening
not
+

Prying loose
the old bark
curls in a scroll,
which the wind bundles
and scatters.

Letters are
blurred in the rain,
the secret revolving
across the snow.

+

The water flows
from under the rock,
and the snow over the rock —
the air above the snow:
more water flowing.

+

The air thickening,
'I desecry!'
looking over blurred images —
things here.
There is light in one angle:
A small field,
A boy, Across a hill,
And two lakes.

I & will hardly matter
what is done on the side of the door
where we are not.

The thickmen suffices,
dividing our in and out,
there,
when we closed it,
looking for other ways.

+

light in each prism
catches the source.
I & does not reflect
what passes through
this frost.

+

9 ensing

The flex of muscle
to ride out whatever storm
wastings and
breaks
when no storm
rises.

+

Things which do not break —
then dark tides —

our blood ^{veins —}
connected
spilled in the earth.

We do not leave.

We do not leave it.

#

April 8 — December 1, 1967

RICHARD GROSSINGER: SHIPWRECK ON LAKE HURON

helicopter

ocean

ocean

cold December Michigan Great Lakes ship

split in 2

spilled 34 peas into the sea radio dead

cracked the ship in 1/2

spilled them unprotected
 into that icy soul of a sea

helicopter

t. v.
static

black and white cube
contained dots

 frozen sea
 the bodies of 22 more men dots
 frozen
 as ice
 as ice in the bloodstream

that they must have died in excruciating pain

helicopter

perpetual ocean

and Hudson died in a frozen tub naming

that river

ocean

bodies

what men leave behind

as bodies in the Pleistocene

Gunz

Mindel

Riss

Wurm

man

emerging between ice ages

average heat

rounded occiput

walks

sails up stream

goes east by going west

fire maker escapes

previous laws

by his own

laws

helicopter

ice

frozen mass

that they seem not to see you

searching for their

hammer-hard bodies abandoned

in pain

no ship

helicopter

that they seem not to see you

searching for them they are

frozen
sunk
hulks

in your pain

only 1
which hiding under 3 bodies
escaped sits

in a hospital bed
major t.v. cameras

'i do not know why only i was saved'

'because' the pastor 'god wanted you to be saved'

' or because he wanted to try me'

the reporters with their speakers
make him make him repeat
the moment make him remember
and the ice

these loose hinges of words
hung on what he was supposed to say
how he saw the ship crack and sink in the night
how he swam ten feet to the raft and watched three men die
to repeat this to the recorders
on their hinges
this trial

tried by time itself
for living

Gunz
Mindel
Riss
Wurm
step by step

moving east with the ice age
swarming and sweeping
thoughts of a world
moving south into the rich caves
passing over land to Britannia and Java

Alaska the New World

carrying a sword of bone
 dancing
 horned masked

that one man

a universe

lives

is dug from the earth

every bone every tooth tested to know what

moved this man who he was what

touched him

was

a

cosmos

a single homo

seeing as the earth was then the earth

making that earth

dying before the next hill

the first night of stars rolling over him

the first millenium of earth

Chad

Swanscombe

Olduvai

Peking

Neander

Afalou

step by step

helicopter

they can see you they can see

from behind the ball they can see

the whole
 damn

earth
 electric carcass
 charged in all parts
 charging a god that
 controls its position in space
 ruling all
 its people

they can see
 in all parts at once

it is one thing
 item

item

as peaking out a window a child behind
 a curtain the cars the lights

move in night
 down city

they can see you lifting their frozen bodies out of the sea they are
 amazed they are numb they can see you lifting them into the helicopter
 what they were from within what they still are as without they are dead
 they can see you
 they perceive you

fuzzy monster spading
 a skull of theirs
 from the earth
 where it has lain
 2 million
 years

earth

television

an interglacial phenomenon
 teeming in warm zones
 with thought

Broken Hill man
 old man of Cro Magnon
 and the child who died in Villafranchian famine

1.7 million years ago

frozen

helicopter
frozen

image

frozen dots image

that they died in excruciating pain the life
frozen out of them

man as ice
man is ice

fire lit the first
god fire
fire sun
ray chief
source
fire
sun
light lantern
Skhul
Tabun
erect position
a chin

helicopters

swarmed like
aery bees

follow
men
into
jungle
armed the men
armed

shooting fire
into the jungle
clearing
the jungle

old man of the jungle
gibbon
frozen

preman
frozen

each gene frozen
repeating its tale
each level down
reductio
to behind the veil
there death
here life
frozen
each world
ice age

following a man from one whole world
into another

as December Michigan 1966

MICHAEL HELLER: TWO POEMS

FOR DORIS

Not ever to let it be
 i think of silverfish
skittering across a pond
 ripples
sky and trees
 but not disturbing them

as when it struck you
 it struck me
the mind mirrored world
 a way out of unhappiness
not happy
 as one might say: I'm
so happy. but a depth
 to hold
 the various possibilities
your face, mine
 there
tendered, tended.

white plumed reeds
above yerba buena
-a clear dry smell

but
the fact of Nature
so complexly given

i was no more of it
than you, a
swift mindless carrier beyond
beyond that one
so perfectly real
in wanting, and
no thought then
seemed deeper

white plumed
sea reeds
a tassel

a keepsake
of no wisdom

DONALD GARDNER: A YOUNG GIRL'S ASS IS A TYPE OF ETERNITY

How when she leans over the wash-basin on tiptoe to look at
 herself in the mirror it is like a limber moon heavy
 but airborne leaving the trees behind;
 how when the towel slips from her waist after a bath it is the
 revelation of the moon coming out of eclipse
 that floods the fields of green shoots so that they seem suddenly
 ripe for harvest;
 how as she sleeps face downwards with the tousled sheets of
 summer rolled back it is like the dome of a mosque grey
 in the moonlight that streams through my window
 as though it is praising the moon and vice-versa:
 music of the spheres I understand now - silence speaking to
 silence and to silence.
 How the shadow of my hip leaning over her makes it a quarter
 moon with blurred dimples where the earth's shadow
 touches it.
 How my fingers making their voyage of exploration when she is
 sleeping are like the first men on the moon,
 making such quiet tracks on the cushiony surface they might be
 treading air.
 Or I am like the mouse who has come upon the hot loaf of newly-
 baked bread he thought existed only in the ancestral
 legends of mice in the age before there were cats.
 How its fullness and generosity is two tenor saxes lifted
 together.
 How it is unselfconscious as she is when she looks at herself in the
 mirror not knowing I'm watching her.
 How the cleft in it is a cool gully in smooth hills opening onto
 a fertile sunlit valley -
 a place where one can spend a whole day looking and be happy.
 How when she walks across my room the two parts seem to make
 conversation together
 like plump blind puppies in a litter nudging noses
 or water-jars tossing on the saddle-pack of a donkey or
 velvet against velvet.
 How when she cooks breakfast in the morning wearing nothing but
 her blue work-shirt it is like two sparrows hanging from
 a nest half-hidden by the eaves of a roof.

How if it could talk it would talk with the soft voices of birds:
of sparrows or the sound of pigeons like cold blue stones in
gentle friction when the waves work over them.

How its imperfections also contribute to it: when she has
gooseflesh in the morning it is blue - but the blue of
harebells;

and the pink mark where she has taken her pants off makes me
tender towards her - do you think she is less a woman
because she is vulnerable?

How when she is dressed and ready to meet people it has met with
approval from many quarters.

The timid super of the building I live in always enquires after
her and takes me into his confidence now,
telling me how the landlord can't sleep at night if anyone's
rent is overdue.

The Puerto Rican who works behind the B & H lunch counter rubs
his moist hands when he thinks of her and is very
friendly to me for her sake;

and womanish old Jewish men sitting on their stoops in the sun
would like to be father to her following her wistfully
with their eyes.

Maybe even a blind man would go after her, his cane working like
a well-tuned geiger-counter.

And I begin to see what Blake was talking about, how eternity is
in love with the productions of time.

For when she is wearing her green transparent nightdress it is
like the moon caught in water only seeming to move
because of the intricately twisting currents.

And I think of her as one of the oldest ever-youthful daughters
of the moon and as a young girl finding her way in the
world with some difficulty and there is no contradiction.

For the here and now burns steadily with the miraculous,
and though her ass is only a scribble of eternity the signature
is distinctly recognizable,

because, hanging like a clump of papayas from a delicate stem
and like the springing of a radiant arch to balance a superstructure,
in its supporting and dependent function it imitates all cosmic
activity,

as the two halves of it moving in contrary directions still work
the same way united by one principle,

the same principle that takes two lovers and makes them a single
hermaphrodite talking with each other's voices,

twists of a single rope paid out down the reaches of the night,
plumbing the night for its resonances,

hot night of June we lie under, ass against ass, comparing our
asses.

Which of us is more transvestite in the dance of changes?
Whose ass is small and nutty? whose is an epic of peace?

DONALD PHELPS: "THERE'S A LITTLE GIRL WE KNOW"

Of course, the eyes of Little Orphan Annie and her compatriots were, until recently, blank circles: the eyes of a mask. So they seem even now, with the recent addition of tiny pupils, that make them resemble junkies' eyes. The eyes seem to look into a darkness to which the comic strip reader has no access. And, too, they betoken the chill distance that I've always felt from Harold Gray's comic strip, which I have read devotedly for the past thirty years.

Despite all the easy, unfashionable things to parody -- the right-wing philosophy, Gray's admiration for vigilante justice, Hark! and, Leapin' Lizards!, Little Orphan Annie is one of the hardest comic strips of all to write about, simply because it is one of the most ritualized. Even Popeye, which is nearly as abstract, has that idiosyncratic sense of character which Elzie Segar bequeathed it: source of both its mystery and its clarity. Annie, which is a greater pleasure to look at with its bewitching visual patterns, is more frustrating to analyze because it seems to have no moving parts, except the most obvious things, like the circle-eyes and the poor-little-Orphan motif -- a convention which has been turned to its exact opposite: a non-pathetic, sardonic, coldly cruel fable about a supposed little girl who is actually a linear descendent of Melmoth and the Wandering Jew: afoot through the world for all her eternal pseudo-childhood, to enlighten the ignorant and deliver retribution to the guilty.

It's been many a year since I could detect very much pathos in Little Orphan Annie; and even then, I recall, it seemed quite perfunctory in comparison with those emotions of anger, fear and pain which, even in the opening episodes, Harold Grey found patently more engrossing. Annie began for the Paterson Syndicate in 1924 -- a keystone of the style in comic-strips which Captain Joseph Paterson had helped introduce, and which was also embodied in The Gumps, Smitty, Dick Tracy, Harold Teen and Moon Mullins. A very arid-looking comic strip which ran as a dramatic serial rather than the succession of gags espoused by Hearst and others. In general, too, the Paterson comics broke with Heart's bulbous visual liveliness: the main continuity was provided not by action, but by a droning of sardonic, querulous, often scurrilous talk, accompanied by a gritty, gawky, linear drawing style in which -- unlike the Katzenjammers or Tad's dogs -- the characters are obviously designed to resemble day-to-day types, with certain grotesque variations, like the Gumps' missing chins, or Moon Mullins' banjo eyes.

Annie joined this pattern by entering the mansion of Daddy (Oliver) Warbucks as a ward imported from the orphanage by Mrs. Warbucks. Daddy, at

the time, was a little less burly than now, and his head was shaped like a cart-ridge. Mrs. Warbucks, her eyes permanently slitted, had a regal profile and sleek Gibson Girl pompadour, and preferred trailing black cocktail gowns, with the inevitable rope of pearls. Her protegee was Selby Adelbert Piffleberry (the significance of whose initials neither Daddy nor Annie failed to notice). Selby wore long, slicked-back hair, duck pants and Buster Brown collars. He was given to cacophonous piano recitals which drove Daddy to explosive frenzy, and to nasty practical jokes (like tying barbed wire to Sandy's tail) which drove Annie to savage retaliation. Selby and Mrs. Warbucks' other cherished sycophant, the Count Detour (monocle, cutaway, gigolo mustache, very attentive to Daddy's private safe) were the targets of Annie's and Daddy's joint hostility. For themselves, Annie and Daddy scarcely needed introduction -- they were parts of the same being, and, even from the first, more like co-entities than foster-parent and child. In recent years, the relationship has become still more of a partnership -- Daddy's lectures to Annie on the rough actualities of life have turned into soliloquies, to which Annie gives the assent of deep experience. Their physical appearances are perfectly complementary, even to Annie's mop of carrot-hair, to Daddy's still-formidably-ascending bald head -- a sign here, not of clownishness or impotency, of course, but their opposites. In Daddy's repeated and prolonged absence, Annie on frequent occasion has had surrogate Daddies -- all aging but powerful, sometimes supernaturally so: Shanghai Peg, the ex-pirate; Wun Wei, the Chinese secret agent; Punjab and the Asp, of course; Nick Gatt, the racketeer; and my favorite, the mysterious Mr. Am, with his Turkish costume, chest-length white beard and unnerving faculty of teleportation. Like the original Daddy, many of these men were outlaws, in the sense that they lived outside the law's machinery, and -- like Daddy -- were occasionally harassed by legalities. Next to Daddy, the only other being for whom I recall Annie to have expressed deep emotion, is Sandy; and Sandy, of course, is her familiar. Occasionally, he helps actively, but -- thanks to Annie's general competence -- such occasions have been few, and seem to grow fewer. He serves mainly to mirror Annie's emotions or simply as a mobile prop, perhaps the least characterized dog in comic strips.

Apart from certain refinements, Grey's drawing style has remained appreciably intact over the years: a style rather suggestive of 1920's and '30's advertising -- tautly linear and abstractly patterned, with a ubiquitous black which appears at the margins of various panels, giving even an exterior the feeling of a room that has been closed against the night. The faces, too, have the tight, compact delicacy of the twenties and thirties: a flicker of expression at the center of every face. Gray offsets the patterning of his strip with a feathery-sensuousness of cross-hatching, facial lines and that amazing foliage in the outdoor scenes, whereby every tree appears to have Spanish moss. The combination of formal pattern and small, febrile line is, I think, the basis of that extraordinary, really physical tension which I feel to be carried over into

the boding quietness of the monologues and conversations. It is like the reverberation of a window pane to a faroff car. Gray can depict people on the point of acting -- that preparatory physical tightening -- better than any comic-artist I know. Thus, his violence has a jabbing, savage immediacy; no matter how familiar it may have become, it always seems an icy intrusion. When someone is struck or shot, they usually give a quivering little hop into the air. With an absolute minimum of gore or convulsions or gushing perspiration or exploding stars -- with, in other words, a minimum of those devices which other comic artists use to show the effects of violence, Gray -- quite apart from his beliefs, I am sure -- shows, with steely economy, the occurrence of violence and the hole which an act of violence makes in the texture of life.

The violence of Little Orphan Annie belongs to the subtle rhythm of Annie's world. And that rhythm is almost the entirety of Annie's world -- its action, its sensuousity, its drama. The people are always seen at middle distance -- once in awhile, Gray will use a crane shot, never low-angle or any other fancy perspective -- and you feel that his people never can be seen close-up. A world of distances: middle distance, and eye-level, as though we were watching through a picture-window -- or even more, on a stage: that honored convention of Krazy Kat, or Thimble Theatre. But Grey has carried on, not only the assumption of cartoon figures as real actors, he has carried on stage devices: the chorus, the aside, the soliloquy, the sense of physical constriction, even in external settings.

Unlike her fellow wanderer, Mary Worth, Annie doesn't deal in soap-opera complexities, or, indeed, complexities of any kind. The characters are easily identifiable from the first, if only by their 18th century primer names. The question of Annie seriously seeking a permanent home with any of those losers she boards with periodically, has, I suspect, been quietly shelved over the years. Bound by time as they are, how could they ever accommodate her ageless competence? These days with Orphan Annie, I'm absorbed no longer by what happens, but by when and how it happens.

For all its feverish quietness, Annie is one of the talkingest strips around; great blocks of dialogue are exchanged by its characters, or, when not dialogue, reminiscence and soliloquy. They love to review their problems, hashing up dilemmas like Sunday's leftovers: an especially apt simile for Annie, in which the crucial action of each week generally takes place on the Sunday page. Monday, people are still talking about what happened on Sunday. Tuesday, something else begins to happen. Wednesday, it happens. Thursday the consequence begins. Friday, they advance. Saturday, they approach the climax. Sunday --

But this inching motion I find as fascinating to watch as the stirrings of anemones at the aquarium. Gray is able to attenuate and grade the movement of his strip, not only from day to day, but from panel to panel. He can teach Andy Warhol about composing a series of almost identical-looking panels, in which tiny variations become signally important.

Little Orphan Annie, to a singular degree among its contemporaries, has earned the unctuous cliché "timeless" -- because, I think, Harold Gray has striven for just that quality in the years of his comic-strip career. I must point again to the importance of its ritual, to the point of becoming the exoskeleton of the story. Only Blondie, perhaps, gives comparable importance to ritual -- of quite a different sort. Certainly, a first concern of any comic strip is how to gain eternal life: i. e., the sense of an eternal present. The second consideration is, what to do with it. Such a concern seems to amount to an obsession with Harold Gray: being of the present, yet sidestepping the mutations which the present must eventually collect. So Annie goes through the motions of just lookin' for a home -- a home which she does not need, and which surely could never adjust to her as its premanent tenant. A home of pleasant but rather helpless plodders (whose names always seem to be something like Fuddle or Fumble) who are really not so much Annie's hosts as her petitioners (however unconscious) for her hard wisdom and rough justice. Annie has never in all her career that I know of (I mean, of course, her comic-strip career; not the radio serial, which furnished her with a boyfriend early along) formed any emotional attachment to any boy of her age. To do so -- or to seriously consider remaining with any family -- would be to acknowledge herself a captive of time. The families may treat her as a little tyke, but that is their sweet boobishness. On the other hand, those pseudo-philanthropists -- from the frigid Mrs. Warbucks to the psychotic Mrs. Bleating-Hart -- who try to insist on Annie's role as an orphan, imprisoning her within this role, soon disclose their monstrous side. When Annie has resolved certain of the families' problems -- though by no means all -- she, of course, leaves; usually under some outside pressure i. e., the appearance of the bad men, Daddy's enemies; but, frequently, her departure will be as arbitrary as her initial appearance.

Daddy is Annie's surety of eternal life, the intermediary between Annie and that Great World -- so terrible and so marvellous -- of which he is opponent and spokesman. Daddy's hairless head speaks his agelessness and his ageless power; yet, whenever we are allowed to watch him at length in the world from which he comes, his power and wealth are seen as infinitely perishable, though always restored. I can, within my own span, remember Daddy being turned into a fugitive, reduced to a bewhiskered roustabout, an inert prisoner of war, a blind and penniless recluse on New York's lower East Side. Only in his brief appearances is he god-like; and then, as always, at the crest of his reunion with Annie, Daddy is thrust back upon the god-like need to die. He does, and his death, each time, is not a whit less real -- for Annie or for me -- for his having been resurrected thousands of times. One is never 100% sure that he will be back; and that is Harold Gray's most remarkable contribution to his remarkable, irritating, enchanting comic strip. Eternity is as unstable, dark and heavenless a place as is the world through which Little Orphan Annie follows her endless swamp-path.

CAROLEE SCHNEEMANN: PARTS OF A BODY HOUSE

Entrance and Exit: The Coat Room.

Admission to the Parts Of A Body House requires only that everyone bring a coat. The coat is hung up on any one of a series of infinite coat racks. On leaving everyone picks up and takes away a coat of their choice which is not the one they brought.

When you enter the Body House you walk south and north for a long time; you come to an open circular structure - a staircase of ribs, smooth and shiny white. You will see a fat knotted rope of black hair hanging down. The circular space has become dark. Take off your clothes, leave them. Hoist yourself up the rope; the hairs spread out and become a carpet you crawl along. It has led you into the Cat House which is somewhere behind the eyes of the house.

Cat House is a tiny room filled entirely with cats. They have their own small door and enter and exit at will. Lie down among cats cats kiss stroke brush walk sleep turn gently up and down your body some cats knead your hairs your belly they sniff your chin your ears your thigh your armpits your sex dozens of furry shapes different weights textures walk on you move around you brush against you lick you cats eyes shift shine blink off blink on cats purr hum vibrate there is a tail against your neck lights of cats eyes flashing

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When you leave the Cat House you enter a Bathroom, it is at the back of the head of Body House.

1. stormy afternoon. A cat is swimming in the bathtub. In the bottom of the bathtub is a large, crumpled burnt oil painting of nudes. The cat soaks and swims a long time. You sit on the toilet watching. Something must be let in from the storm. You go and get chairs and pile them into the bathroom. You will have to stand in the bathtub to load them all up. Crawl in and out of chairs, piling chairs until they reach the ceiling. Stand in the tub among the chairs. Pick up the wet cat and dance blue raining blue light.

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2. winter night. Get into the bathtub - which is full of warm water and pine bubbles - with someone you love. Make love in the water. The only light is blue-black night, gold and blue flashes. A cat comes to swim in the tub. It paddles and sneezes, it is fur soaked. Then the cat sits on the edge of the tub watching you in the dark water. A film is made of this.

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Walking south you will arrive at the Lung Room. Huge, transparent, glimmering lungs, seemingly suspended in air are stretched at varying angles, levels through an endless space. You might best traverse these net-like lungs on hands and knees, crawling over the stretched membrane. In the center of a lung you can do jumps and falls, using it like a trampoline. Many people are crawling around; others have curled up, fallen asleep on the lungs; others are holding hands, bouncing through space from one lung to another. The transparent lungs are luminous; there is no other light to define space.

A leap in the dark from an easterly lung: falling briefly, a sudden landing in the Heart Chamber / Cunt Chamber. Enormous soft velvety warm damp walls rounded ridged pulse gently. Your whole body is squeezed up and down; between pulses you can clamber around holding onto the ridges. Each ridge you touch emits a flash of brilliant colored light. It is slippery, the muscle walls expand, contract, push you slightly up or down. You may doze in the strange rocking. Only one or two persons at a time in this chamber. When you wish, begin to crawl down, head first, pushing between contractions. Exit.

You arrive in the Ice Palace and are handed ice skates. This is simply a great frozen internal pond where everyone skates. Good old-fashioned skating music echoes here. A stand sells hot-dogs and coffee.

The exit from the Ice Palace is a short peristaltic journey: an esophagus/intestine. Just room enough to stand upright, bracing yourself with hands against the walls. You are quickly propelled forward. An almost unbearable foul aroma. No light at all. You will be ejected either into the Liver Room or Nerve Ends Room.

The Liver Room is sculptural: chunks of liver-like stuff (brown polyurethane), about twelve feet long each, are piled into an overlapping hilly structure. Near rivulets picnic baskets and jugs have been embedded under crevasses. All your friends are here to picnic. There is a pleasant glowing golden light, smell of the sea. People climb about on the livers which are nice and springy, sit on outcroppings and edges, sharing food and drink. At the top of the hills there is a long narrow machine, which when tapped will blow out a length of foamy brown blanket. These blankets slowly dissolve and are left blowing about. A certain amount of dancing, arguing, singing; and mapping and intimate love-sleep in more remote crevasses.

The Nerve Ends Room is evolved as a free flowing, self-perpetuating, self-destroying energy environment using active elements of:

ORGASMIC STREAMING ORGANIC GARDENING ELECTROCULTURE
BIRDS ACID JOYFUL TECHNOLOGY EXTRA SENSORY PERCEPTION
WILD LIFE PRESERVATION LENNIE BRUCE BLACK POWER BACH
BEATLES BEAST SONG SYNESTHESIA KINESTHESIA

Ecstatic physical interchange. Participants will freely choose music, noise, lights, seasons, stars, galaxies, winds, colors, photocell activations, circuit cut-offs, slides, film, laser beams, traffic signals, dirt, sand, mud, grease, powder, friendly animals, fabrics, SCRs, water, fires... ropes, swings, ladders, smells, aromas, wood, nails, hammers, saws, chisels, trees, shrubs, flowers, costumes.....and agree only that their choices may exist simultaneously in juxtaposition with choices of others in the same time-space continuum.

The participants will be able to select their materials in advance; they may also build or activate parts of the environment with found materials or by using pre-set electronic circuits - sensory components determined by computer programs. The "found materials" can be used in any imaginable way, alone or in cooperation with other people. Maximum sensory information and strange immediate physical circumstances will provoke actions/reactions in developing involvement. People will be bombarded, "charged", as they shape and re-shape the environment. Ear plugs, eye masks, perfume, tiny lights, and hunks of foam rubber to build chambers, will be available to disperse environmental conflagrations - to provide utter quiet for private turnings-in/ turnings/on. LSD, DMT, pot, alcoholic drinks, mushrooms, vitamins, strange and common foods will be available. The Nerve Ends Room will be situated in a transparent bubble in a woods to facilitate exchange of inside and outside, actual landscape and fantastic landscape.

Finally, a memory bank will be available to everyone by which they can open travel into their experiences to anyone desiring to go where they have been. (My memory bank idea is fully described in an English magazine, "Icteric".)

The Genitals Play-Erotica Meat Room. In the center of the Body House (may be chosen instead of the Guerilla Gut Room). A large, curving space filled entirely with wonderfully fashioned, over life size pricks, balls, nipples, clitoris', labia majoria, labia minoria, cunts and ass holes. They will be life like in variations of detail, color aroma, and moisture; constructed from flesh-like material they completely cover floors, walls, ceiling. They are electrically charged and when handled properly they will undergo life-like transformations and as they are touched they communicate to the toucher, flood the toucher with the most extreme sensations they could normally feel. The genitals-meat are disposed so that it is possible to climb on them, swing on them, ride, run and jump among them - all the time receiving an ecstatic electrical current. Being a putting on a taking off an opening and following a strange courtship a romance (not all forms of violence are destructive) foam forms for energy streams followed into movement moment take in color texture as physical necessity/immediacy: An Image. In your own time your own way with another no one can predict how this room will effect them how will they effect this room (let insights follow delight). A complex structure to be alone in one section crowded in another non-interference cooperation new modes of reciprocal play love electrical pandemonium harmony wild encounters any manner.

Hair and Fingers Room. A resting place after the Nerve Ends Room or Genital Play-Erotica Meat Room. An attic full of couches, chairs, big sofas made from oversize, soft finger shapes, covered with webs, clumps of hair (different textures, colors, aromas); a tiny labyrinth where it is always possible to lie down, beast sleep, curl up on fingers, covered with lengths of warm hair. Silent. A warm breeze. Always twilight.

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Kidney Room. In the Kidney people come together to discuss revolution - that is changing or transforming political forms which are repressive, exploitative, divisive and life-negative. It is a simple outdoor space (a vague sheltering landscape); daytime light; a luminescent green bile river runs by. There are three large kidneys to sit on, they are made of stone; they form a semi-circle on a grassy bank.

On the opposite side of the Bile River is a long tract of jungle and forest, in which four city blocks are situated, a military installation, and a harbor. This complex is called the Gut. In the Gut people gather to enact various guerrilla exercises which last from a few hours to a few months. A basic guerrilla-life-theater which includes: living alone, living together confined, loving, arguing, how to build and choose together, how to fulfill tasks, finding food and water and their distribution, cooking without an open fire, sewing, first aid; jumping, catapaulting across obstacles, crawling for hours, scaling walls, running, carrying and lifting bodies, hiking from one place to another without directions in the night, in the day; climbing trees, hide and seek, planting traps, sleeping under leaves, in mud and sand etc. In a continually improvised environment - using found materials - basic skills in building will be tried; making traps, simple explosives, rope knotting; blocking roads buildings and the harbor will be attempted. And within the Gut labyrinth the people have reunions after separations, celebrations around fires, dancing before difficult tasks, reading the stars, gardening, falling in love for moments or years. In an open field they may develop self-defense methods; camouflage, masks, disguises, pagentry.....Non-verbal communications will be set up using fire and light signals, marks and signs made or found in the landscape, and communication by mutual body energy awareness. Special technical effects and certain physical relationships of people and materials will be monitored from the Nerve Ends Room and may be adapted to uses for the Gut.

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TEST OF TRANSLATION VI:

Rilke's Third Duino Elegy

The most serious inadequacy of translators of the Duino Elegies has been in their representation of formal dynamics--the whole matter of what Rilke was directly doing in his late work. English versions tend to present him as a sensitive poet of introspection with more interesting "ideas" and psychological insights than poetic gifts--a sort of versifier of Nietzsche with Orphic bias. Whatever his ideas, the whole point about reading the late work--or translating it--is to know directly what is revealed in his unexampled extension of an apocalyptic mode. The poetic stance behind the sequence (Rilke saw the Elegies as indivisible) is the poet with his ear turned inward to his brain, tensely listening for the voice of where he is. In the poem is the "breath" (the self-defining "invisible poem" of Sonnets to Orpheus, II, 1) of that voice actualized, and the primary poetic fact is its presence, its occurrence, the event which is the true "subject" of the Elegies. The translator's job, far more than with rhetorical or literary kinds of poetry (where form tends to be a traditionally definitive artifact), is to reenter the original process by way of resources in his own language: a genesis technically analogous to the original, guided by empathy and precise knowledge of it. Rilke's language is what happened to German when the Angelic Muse spoke thru him. He thought of the Elegies as "given" to him (as Rimbaud said "On me pense"), and the idiom is not merely "personal" or "speech-like" in the usual sense but more purely the medium of "world-space constantly in pure interchange with one's own pure being":

Gegengewicht,
in dem ich mich rhythmisch ereigne.

(Counterpoise,
wherein I rhythmically happen. Sonnets, II, 1).

The translator cannot make this place of becoming, cognition of an internalized world, unless he finds the external equivalents whose shapes in time are rhythmic language gestures. And his technical equipment has to answer to the fact that he isn't dealing with a short, simply structured form like "song" (for Rilke, the Orphic celebration of the extensions of being), but a long, musically progressive, intricately cumulative form with particular structural features of language, dance and visionary epistemology. So that he must himself make a functional structure.

Translations: Space limits us to short exemplary selections of two translations of the Third Elegy (full texts readily available in paperback):

1. C. F. MacIntyre's version (Univ. of California Press, 1961) is inept. And to avoid flogging the still-born beast I'll mostly let the text speak for itself, as it's most eloquently inarticulate.
2. The J.B. Leishman/Stephen Spender version (Norton, 1939, 1963) is still, to my knowledge, the best published version and requires close attention. Unlike MacIntyre (whose Introduction, containing a ludicrous *précis* of the poem and a pernicious account of Rilke's achievement, reveals something of his problem), Spender/Leishman are fairly reliable on lexical content, and they provide useful commentary. I can't here discuss matters of diction, interpretation etc., (my own position ought to be clear from my version below), but will stick to the technical question raised above.

Eines ist, die Geliebte zu singen. Ein anderes, wehe,
 jenen verborgenen schuldigen Fluss-Gott des Bluts.
 Den sie von weitem erkennt, ihren Jungling, was weisser
 selbst von dem Herren der Lust, der aus dem Einsamen oft,
 ehe das Mädchen noch linderte, oft auch als wäre sie nicht,
 ach, von welchem Unkenstilichen triefend, das Gotthaupt
 aufhob, aufrufend die Nacht zu unendlichem Aufruhr.
 O des Blutes Neptun, o sein furchtbarer Dreizack.
 O der dunkle Wind seiner Brust aus gewundener Muschel.
 Horch, wie die Nacht sich muldet und höhlt. Ihr Sterne,
 stammt nicht von euch des Liebenden Lust zu dem Antlitz
 seiner Geliebten? Hat er die innige Einsicht
 in ihr reines Gesicht nicht aus dem reinen Gestirn?

It is one thing to sing the beloved. Another, alas,
 to sing that hidden guilty river-god of the blood.
 He whom she knows from afar, her young lover, what
 does he know of the lord of desire, who from his loneliness
 often (before the girl eased him, often as if
 she did not exist) raised his godhead, dripping with what
 Unknowable, calling forth the night to infinite tumult?
 Oh, Neptune of the blood, oh, his dreadful trident!
 Oh, the dark wind of his breast from the spiral conch!
 Listen, how night troughs out and hollows itself.
 You stars, is it not from you that the lover's desire
 for the dear face springs? Has he not his tender insight
 into her pure face from the pure constellations?

(MacIntyre)

One thing to sing the beloved, another, alas!
that hidden guilty river-god of the blood.

He whom she knows from afar, her lover, what does he know
of that Lord of Pleasure, who often, out of his lonely heart,
before she had soothed him, often as though she did not exist,
streaming from, oh, what unknowable depths, would uplift
his god-head, uprousing the night to infinite uproar?
Oh, the Neptune within our blood, oh, his terrible trident!
Oh, the gloomy blast of his breast from the twisted shell!
Hark, how the night grows fluted and hollowed. You stars,
is it not from you that the lover's delight in the loved one's
face arises? Does not his intimate insight
into her purest face come from the purest star?

(Spender)

The Rilke is in a musical mode, in the technical sense of melos, stress accents marking rhythmical units of a variable number of "notes" (Pound's "musical phrase"), a phonological ordering with the continuous dynamics of dance: not "harmony" (as in Keats' dreamlike sensuous flow) but dissonance, not slow horizontal development but fast vertical cumulative force--the harsher building of psychic explosion. The English regularized "line" keeps this movement only with a certain difficulty, as in Hopkins' mannered instressing (using accents where the typewriter has led some modern poets to use line-breaks and vertical spacing), or as in Milton's carefully wrought syntax to render the "sense variously drawn out from verse to verse." So that Rilke's

Er, der Neue, Scheuende, wie er verstrickt war,
mit des innern Geschehns weiterschlagenden Ranken
schon zu Mustern verschlungen, zu würgendem Wachstum, zu tierhaft
jagenden Formen. Wie er sich hingab--. Liebte. (lines 49 - 52)

loses all trace of its harshly inwrought progressive melos in the arbitrary line-units of MacIntyre's prosaic

He, the new one, the shy one, how he got entangled
in the farther-grasping tendrils of inner action
coming to pass, already interwoven as patterns,
as strangling growths, as shapes of beasts of prey.
How he gave himself to it! Loved....

(Note: five lines for four) To use "lines" we would need a Milton of such syncopated phrasing as:

...with mighty wings outspread
 Dove-like sat' st brooding on the vast Abyss,
 And mad' st it pregnant: What in me is dark
 Illumine...,

or a Blake of "The Visions of the Daughters of Albion." Or linear Rilke could succeed thru, not "natural speech" rhythms, but the intoned music of, say, Pound in the Orphic ranges of Canto XVII ("So that the vines burst from my fingers..."). Like Pound, Rilke was freeing the musical mode, not in the modernist and logopoetic radical manner of an August Stramm, but in a way at once lyric-centered and formally open, so that he could have the intense utterance of the Sonnets and the emotionally subtle phrasing of certain prose passages of Malte Laurids Brigge. This required a new mode and a new language, as he wrote:

...thus one often finds oneself at variance with the external behavior of a language and intent on its innermost life, or on an innermost language, without terminations, if possible, -- a language of word-kernels, a language that's not gathered, up above, on stalks, but grasped in the speech-seed.

Not mere speech, nor high-style, but the "speech-seed," its inner gesture. Thus, in the first verse paragraph (quoted), the forward movement of the Rilke, especially at its most mimetically rhythmic (the instress of his Weltinnenraum), is carried mainly by a pattern of falling rhythm, largely dactylic. In line 6, the poet's voice uplifts like the godhead and rushes into the uproar, mimetically rendered by the suspended "das Gotthaupt" and the repeated outcry of "auf" (three in close succession) and a significant pause after "aufhob." Typically, Spender devitalizes the movement with his regularized syntax ("would uplift") and sagging lineation ("his god-head, uprousing the night to infinite uproar"). Rather than Rilke's gestural phrase and expressive syntax (often purposely strained and ambiguous), Spender's unit is the line and his larger patterning is normalized grammar (note the question mark after "uproar," where there's none after "Aufruhr" -- the long "sentence" is only half-questioning, being half-pressured experientially into declaration). Where Rilke oracularly explodes ("O des Blutes Neptun"), Spender expands ("Oh, the Neptune within our blood") with awkward grammatical insertions. Rilke's basically dactylic lines are varied with inwardly articulated accentuation, whereas Spender tends toward a semi-regular iambic meter (occasional trochees etc.). Thruout, Spender tends to give the impression of Rilke as a poet of elevated and elegant conversation about matters of the soul, with some lyrical asides as proof of strong feeling -- a sort of German Spender. But Rilke's characteristic gestures -- such as the sudden finding of human presence thru its active extension into non-human things as they appear on the inscape --

are never merely descriptive, but occur thru resources of German, as in the self-defining force of reflexive verbs: "Horch, wie die Nacht sich muldet und höhlt." Spender finds the merely lexical equivalent: "Hark, how the night grows fluted and hollowed."

But the most interesting formal problem is this: Rilke is not like Trakl (or Crane or Rimbaud) a poet of rhythmically implosive mythic and luminous landscapes, with their metaphoric complexities in minutely telescoped counterharmonies; Rilke is a poet of psychic gestures which are strongly forward-moving, so that even the frequent rhythmic and emotional implosions are carried instantly along the larger musical phrasing, explosively emerging into a total inscape. Without this longer range phrasing, which translators working, like the above, word by word and line by line simply ignore, the individual verbal gesture loses its dynamic context and is left to wander and stumble thru inflated syntax. The problem lies partly in the failure of translators, like the critics they believe, to think about what a long poetic form is doing being long. It would take many pages to discuss the workings of this long form, but my best comment is my own version. I notate what I hear in Rilke, the articulated "spaces," the modulation from part to part into a total composition. Notation: I've taken my cues from Pound, Williams, and Duncan, as, from the latter, the suspended point (.) to mark a full measured pause for the adjustment of ear from space to space; all terminal punctuation has musical weight, and I sometimes omit it to create a sort of "hold" effect, "residua of sounds which hang in the auditory memory"; (+) marks the verse paragraph. I call my version a "transposition" to indicate that, if I have emphasized one side of Rilke, as some tell me, to the exclusion of others, I'd like it to be taken somewhat on its own compositional terms.

--George Quasha

RILKE'S THIRD ELEGY TRANSPOSED

One thing to sing the beloved Another, alas,
this hidden guilty rivergod of the blood.

 Him she knows from far off
 her lover what does he know himself
 of the Lord of Lust who often
 from his lonely being still
 not lulled by her often as if she
 did not exist

 O dripping from
 what unknown depth
 the godhead

uplifts
 uprousing night to endless uproar

O blood' s Neptune O the terrible trident
 O his breast' s dark blast from the twisted shell
 Listen! how night flutes and hollows

You stars, are
 you the source of the lover' s pleasure
 rising
 in the beloved' s face? And
 isn' t his heart' s inner seeing
 into her pure sight
 from the purest stars' forming?

+

Not you, alas, nor even his mother
 bent his brows in this arched waiting.
 Not for you, girl feeling him, not to yours...
 his lips bowed in this more fertile curve.
 Do you really think your gentle entrance
 convulsed him so you
 wandering in like the morning breeze?
 You terrified his heart, yes,
 but older terrors hurled
 thru him, then, when touching
 wrecked .

Call him...
 you can barely call him
 from these dark relations.
 Of course he tries, he breaks out; relieved he
 settles down
 in your private heart and
 receives
 and begins himself.

But did he ever begin himself?
 Mother you
 made him small you it was that began him
 to you he was new you bent over
 the new eyes your
 friendly world and

drove away the strange.

O where, where are the nights you simply
displaced, with your figure's grace,
surging Chaos?

Then
you hid so much from him, made
the nighttime room of fears
harmless, and
out of your heart full
of sheltering
merged more
human space with the
space of his nights.
Not in the darkness, no, but
within your nearer being
you put the nightlight,
and it shone
as though out of friendship.
And nowhere a creak
you couldn't explain, smiling, as though
you knew all along

when the floor would act...

And he listened and was comforted .

So much
power, gently, in your coming
: his tall cloaked fate stepped
behind the chifferobe
and in the folds of the curtain
in their easy shifting
his restless future fitted

+

And he himself as he lay relieved, under
drowsy eyelids
your gentle shaping
sweetness
mingling with foretaste of coming sleep

: seemed
under protection

But within who
could avoid, impede within him flowing
floods of origin
Alas! there was

no foresight in that sleeper sleeping
 yet dreaming yet feverish
 : what he was voyaging into

He new shrinking from --how he got tangled
 with inner happenings' ever-
 pregnating stems twisted
 to patterns, to choking growths, to bestial
 preying forms --How he
 gave himself to it --Loved.
 Loved his inner world, his inner jungle,
 that primal forest within
 on whose dumb overthrownness
 greenlit his heart stood
 Loved. Left it, continued
 into his own roots and out
 into violent beginning
 where his small birth was
 already outlived
 : Descended
 lovingly into older blood into gorges
 where great Fright lurked still full of fathers and
 every terror knew him and blinked and was knowing
 yes and Horror smiled at him

 Seldom
 Mother have you smiled so tenderly.
 How then could he not
 love it smiling at him thus ?
 --long ago, before you
 he loved it for even as you bore him
 it was there dissolved
 in water that
 buoys the embryo

+

Look
 we don't love like flowers out of a
 single season Where we love
 immemorial sap
 mounts in our arms O girl
 this:
 that we've loved in
 us not one, still to come, but all

innumerable fermentation
 Nor any single child but the fathers
 like resting mountain ruins
 grounded within us
 --but the dry riverbed
 of former mothers --but the whole
 soundless landscape under its cloudy or
 clear destiny : this,
 girl, first
 was bringing forth

+

And you yourself what do you know of it --you
 conjured up primeval time
 in your lover What feelings
 uprooted out of beings as they changed What
 women hated you in him What sullen men you
 raised up in young veins Dead children
 reached out to you... O gently, gently
 love him, now, lead him
 up close to the garden
 Give him those counter-
 balancing nights.....
 Withhold him.....

GARY SNYDER: LOOKOUT' S JOURNAL

A. CRATER MOUNTAIN

Marblemount Ranger Station
 Skagit District, Mt. Baker National Forest
 22 June 1952

hitchhiked here, long valley of the Skagit. Briddes.
 Old cars parked in the weeds, little houses in fields
 of bracken. A few cows, in stumpland.

Ate at the "parkway cafe" real lemon in the pie

"--why don't you get a jukebox in here"

"--the man said we weren't important enough"

...

28 June

blackie burns:

"28 years ago you could find a good place to fish.

"GREEDY & SELFISH NO RESPECT FOR THE LAND

"tin cans, beer bottles, dirty dishes

a shit within a foot of the bed

one sonuvabitch out of fifty

fishguts in the creek

the door left open for the bear.

If you' re takin forestry fellas keep away

from the recreation side of it:

first couple months you see the women you say

' there's a cute little number'

the next three months it's only another woman

after that you see one coming out of the can

& wonder if she's just shit on the floor

ought to use pit toilets"

...

Granite creek Guard Station 9 July

The boulder in the creek never moves
the water is always falling
together!

A ramshackle little cabin built by Frank
Beebe the miner. Two days walk to here, from roadhead.

arts of the Japanese: moon-watching
insect-hearing

Reading the sutra of Hui Nêg.

one does not need universities and libraries
one need be alive to what is about

saying "I don't care"

11 July

cut fresh rhubarb by the bank
the creek is going down
last night caught a trout
today climbed to the summit of Crater Mountain and back
high and barren: flowers I don't recognize
ptarmigan and chicks, feigning the broken wing.

Baxter: "Men are funny, once I loved a
girl so bad it hurt, but I drove her away. She
was throwing herself at me--and four months later
she married another fellow."

A doe in the trail, unafraid.
A strange man walking south
A boy from Marblemount with buckteeth, learning machine shop.

Crater Mountain Elevation 8049 feet 23 July

Really wretched weather for three days now--wind, hail,

sleet, snow; the FM transmitter is broken / rather the
 receiver is / what can be done?
 the SXA

Even here, cold foggy rocky place, there's life--4 ptarmigans
 by the A frame, cony by the trail to the snowbank

hit my head on the lamp
 the shutters fall, the radio quits
 the kerosene stove won't stop, the wood stove won't
 start, my fingers are too numb to write.

& this is mid-July. At least I have energy enough to read
 science-fiction. One has to go to bed fully clothed.

The stove burning wet wood--windows misted over
 giving the blank white light of shoji. Outside wind
 blows, no visibility. I'm filthy, with no prospect of
 cleaning up.
 (Must learn yoga-system of Patanjali)

Crater Shan 28 July

Down for a new radio, to Ross Lake, and back up. Three days walking.
 Strange how unmoved this place leaves one: neither
 articulate or worshipful; rather the pressing need to look
 within and adjust the mechanism of perception.

A dead sharp-shinned hawk, blown by the wind
 against the lookout. Fierce compact little bird
 with a square head.

--If one wished to write poetry of nature, where an
 audience? Must come from the very conflict of an
 attempt to articulate the vision poetry & nature
 in our time.

(reject the human; but the tension of
 human events, brutal and tragic, against

a non-human background? Like Jeffers?)

Pair of eagles, soaring over Devils Creek canyon.

31 July

This morning:

floating face down in the water bucket
a drowned mouse.

"Were it not for Kuan Chung, we should be wearing our
hair unbound and our clothes buttoning on the left side."

A man should stir himself with poetry
Stand firm in ritual
Complete himself in music
lun yü

Comparing the panoramic Lookout View photo dated 8
August 1935: with the present view. Same snowpatches;
same shapes. Year after year; snow piling up and melting.

"By God" quod he, "for pleylnly, at a word,
Thy drasty ryning is nat worth a tord."

Crater Shan 3 August

How pleasant to squat in the sun
Jock strap & zoris

form--leaving things out at the right spot
ellipse, is emptiness

these ice-scoured valleys

swarming with plants
 "I am the Queen Bee!
 Follow Me!"

Or having a wife and a baby, /
 living close to the ocean, with skills
 for / gathering food.

QUEBEC DELTA 04 BLACK

Higgins to Pugh (over)
 "the wind comes out of the east
 or northwest,
 the chimney smokes all over the room.
 the wind comes out of the west;
 the fire burns clean."

Higgins L.O. reads the news:
 "flying saucer with a revolving black band
 drouth in the south.

Are other worlds watching us?"
 The rock alive, not barren.
 flowers lichen pinus albicaulis chipmunks
 mice even grass.

--first I turn on the radio
 --then make tea and eat breakfast
 --study Chinese until eleven
 --make lunch, go chop snow to melt for water,
 read Chaucer in the early afternoon.

 "Is this real
 Is this real
 This life I am living?"
 --Tlingit or Haida song

"Hidden Lake to Sourdough"
 --"This is Sourdough" (last of a noble race)
 --"Whatcha doing over there?"
 --"Readin some old magazines

they had over here."

6 August

Clouds above and below, but I can see Kulshan, Mt.
Terror, Shuksan; they blow over the ridge between here
and Three-fingered Jack, fill up the valleys. The Buckner-
Boston Peak ridge is clear.

What happens all winter: the wind driving snow; clouds--
wind, and mountains--repeating

this is what always happens here,

and the photograph of a young female torso hung in the
lookout window, in the foreground. Natural against natural,
beauty.

two butterflies
a chilly clump of mountain
flowers.

zazen non-life. An art: mountain-watching.

leaning in the doorway whistling
a chipmunk popped out
listening

9 August

Sourdough: Jack, do you know if a fly is an electrical
conductor? (over)

Desolation--A fly? Are you still trying to electrocute
flies? (over)

Sourdough: Yeah I can make em twitch a little. I
got five number six batteries on it (over)

Desolation: I don't know, Shubert, keep trying. Desolation
clear.

10 August

First wrote a haiku and painted a
haiga for it; then repaired the Om Mani Padme Hum prayer flag,
then constructed a stone platform, then shaved down a shake
and painted a zenga on it, then studied the lesson.

a butterfly
scared up from its flower
caught by the wind and swept over the cliffs.

SCREE
Vaux Swifts: in great numbers, flying before the
storm, arcing so close that the sharp wing-whistle is
heard.

" The Sravaka,
disciplined in Tao, enlightened, but on the wrong path."
summer,

on the west slopes creek beds are brushy
north-faces of ridges, steep and
covered late with snow

slides and old burns on dry hills.

(In San Francisco: I live on the Montgomery Street
drainage--at the top of a long scree slope just below a
cliff.)

sitting in the sun in the doorway
picking my teeth with a broomstraw
listenin to the buzz of the flies.

12 August

a visit all day, to the sheep
camp, across the glacier, and into Devil's park.
A tent under a clump of alpine fir, horses, sheep in the
meadow.

take up solitary occupations.

Horses stand patiently, rump to the wind.
--gave me one of his last two cigars.

Designs, under the shut lids, glowing in sun

(experience! that drug.)

Then the poor lonely lookouts, radioing forth and back.

After a long day's travel, reached the ridge,
followed a deer trail down

to five small lakes.

in this yuga, the moral imperative is to COMMUNICATE.
Making tea.

fewer the artifacts, less the words,
slowly the life of it

a knack for non-attachment.

Sourdough radioing to the smoke-chaser crew:

"you' re practically there

you gotta go up the cliff

you gotta cross the rock slide

look for a big blaze on a big tree

/two climbers killed by lightning
on Mt. Stuart/

"are you on the timber stand

or are you on the side of the cliff?

Say, Bluebell, where are you?

A patch of salmonberry and tag-alder to the right"

--must take a look.

\$\$\$\$\$\$

cratershan 15 august

When the mind is exhausted of images, it invents its own.

orange juice is what she asked for

bright chrome restaurant, 2 A M

the rest of us drinking coffee

but the man brought orange pop. haw!

late at night, the eyes tired, the teapot empty, the
tobacco damp.

Almost had it last night: no identity. one thinks, --

"I emerged from some general, non-differentiated thing, I
return to it." One has in reality never left it; there is

no return.

my language fades. Images of erosion.

"That which includes all change never changes; without change time is meaningless; without time, space is destroyed. Thus we arrive at the void."

"If a Bodhisattva retains the thought of an ego, a person, a being, or a soul, he is no more a Bodhisattva."

You be Bosatsu,

I'll be the taxi-driver

Driving you home.

The curious multi-stratified metamorphic rock.
Blue and white, clouds reaching out. To survive a winter here learn to browse and live in holes in the rocks under snow.

Sabi: One does not have a great deal to give.

That which one does give has been polished and perfected into a spontaneous emptiness; sterility made creative, it has no pretensions, and encompasses everything.

--Zen view, o.k. ?

21 August

Oiling and stowing the tools. (artifacts / tools : now there's a topic.)

When a storm blows in, covering the south wall with rain and blotting out the mountains. Ridges look new in every light. Still discovering new conformations----every cony has an ancestry but the rocks were just here.

Structure in the lithosphere / cycles of change in rock / only the smallest percentage sanded and powdered and mixed with life-derived elements.

Is chemical reaction a type of perception??

--Running through all things motion & reacting / object against object / there is more than enough time for all things to happen; swallowing its own tail.

Diablo Dam August 24

Back down off Crater in a snowstorm, after closing up the lookout. With Baxter from Granite Creek, all the way to the dam for more supplies. Clouds on the rocks; rain falls and falls. Tomorrow we shall fill the packs with food and return to Granite Creek.

In San Francisco: September 13.

Boys on bicycles in the asphalt playground wheeling
and circling aimlessly like playful gulls or swallows.
Smell of a fresh-parked car.

B. SOURDOUGH

Marblemount Ranger Station 27 June 1953

The antique car managed it to Marblemount last week, and then to Koma Kulshan for a week of gnats, rain, & noise.

The Philosophy of the Forest Service: Optimistic view of nature--democratic, utilitarian. "Nature is rational." Equals, treat it right and it will make a billion board feet a year. Paradox suppressed. What wd an Aristocratic F.S. be like? Man traps?

Forest equals crop / Scenery equals recreation / Public equals money. :: The shopkeeper's view of nature.

Hail Mr. Pulaski, after whom the Pulaski
Tool is named.

--the iron stove, the windows, and the trees.

"It is, and is not, I am sane enough." Get so you don't have to think about what you're doing because you know what you're doing.

J. Francis: "Should I marry? It would mean a house; and the

next thirty years teaching school." LOOKOUT!

Old McGuire and the fire of 1926: 40,000 Acres on the upper Skagit, a three mile swathe. Going to scrub my clothes & go down to Sedro-Woolley now with Jack.

28 June

A day off--went to Bellingham and out to Gooseberry Bay, the Lummi reservation. Past a shed with three long cedar canoes in it. Finally to where the Lummi Island ferry stops, and this was about the end of the road, but we could drive a little farther on, and it was there we went through the Kitchen Midden. Through it, because the road cut right through shells and oysters and all. While looking at this a lady in a house shouted out to us; then came closer, & said if you're interested in the kitchen midden "as such" come out in back and "look where we had it bulldozed." And I said how do you like living on somebody's old kitchen heap, and she said it made her feel kind of funny sometimes. Then I said, well it's got about 3000 years in it vertical, but that might be dead wrong. It was 10 feet high, 45 feet wide, and 325 feet long, with one cedar stump on it about 110 years old, to show when (at least) it was finished with. Full of oyster, butter clam, cockle, mussel, snail, and assorted shells.

We went back by the same road and at the outskirts of Bellingham Jack pointed out a ratty looking place called Coconut Grove where he said he had spent time drinking with a "rough crowd." They drank beer out of steins and called the place the Cat's Eye instead.

Outskirts of Bellingham, something of clear sky to the west over the waters of Puget Sound, the San Juan islands; and very black clouds up the Skagit, toward the vast mountain wilderness of the North Cascades. We turned off 99 to go into that black, wet hole, and it did start raining pretty quick after we went up that road. Coffee in Sedro Woolley, a sign "No Drinks Served to Indians" and there are many Indians, being strawberry picking season, and Loggerodeo is next week. Marblemount Ranger Station about 8.30 & in the bunkhouse found a magazine with an article about an eighteen-year-old girl who could dance and paint and compose and sew and was good looking, too, with lots of pictures.

Story: a Tarheel at Darrington had this nice dog. One day he was out dynamiting fish--threw a stick of powder into the water, all lit and ready to go. The dog jumped in, retrieved it, and ran back with it in his mouth. The logger took off up a tree shouting--Git back, Dog! Then it blasted. Tarheel still limps. --Blackie.

--And then there was this young married couple, who stay locked in their room four weeks--when friends finally break in all they find is two assholes, jumping back and forth through each other. "" ""

Ruby Creek Guard Station 30 June

The foamy wake behind the boat does look like the water of Hokusai. Water in motion is precise and sharp, clearly formed, holding specific postures for infinitely small frozen moments.

Four mules: Tex, Barney Oldfield, Myrtle, Bluejay.
Four horses: Willy, Skeeze, Blaze, Mabel.

Sourdough Mountain Lookout 17 July 1953 Elevation: 5977 feet

"GREENEST Goddam kid I EVER saw. Told he couldn't boil beans at that altitude, he'd have to fry them. When I left I said, now, be careful, this is something you gotta watch out about, don't flog your dummy too much! And he says real serious, Oh No, I won't. Hawww--"

"And then he was trying to fry an egg and he missed the pan and he missed the stove and landed the egg on both feet, he didn't know whether to run, shit, or go blind!"

Just managed to get through to Phil Whalen, on the radio, him up on Sauk Lookout now.

Rode up here on Willy the Paint, a pleasant white-eyed little horse that took great caution on rock and snow. Had to lead him across the whitewater at Sourdough creek. Horses look noble from the side, but they sure are silly creatures when seen from the front. Mules are just naturally silly--Whenever we stopped, Myrtle would commence kicking Bluejay & Bluejay would kick Barney, all with great WHACKS on the forkies,

but Tex behaved, being neither kicked nor kicking. Shoing Willy required the twitch, anvil, nails, three of us, and great sweating groaning and swearing. Blackie whacks him with a hammer while Roy twists his nose to make him be good.

This is the place to observe clouds and the gradual dissolution of snow. Chipmunk got himself locked in here and when I tried to shoo him out he'd just duck in a corner. Finally when I was sorting screws he came out and climbed up on the waterbucket looking I guess for a drink--hung on, face down, with his hind legs only to the edge of the pail, inside, for a long time, and finally fell in. Helped him out, splashing about--nobody been there he'd have drowned.

Keep looking across to Crater Mountain and get the funny feeling I am up there looking out, right now, "because there are no calendars in the mountains" --shifting of light & cloud, perfection of chaos, magnificent jiji mu-ge / inter-lacing interaction.

Sourdough Mountain Lookout 19 July

Up at a quarter to six, wind still blowing the mist through the trees and over the snow. Rins'd my face in the waterhole at the edge of the snowfield--ringed with white rock and around that, heather. Put up the SX aerial on a long pole made by some lookout of years past, sticks & limbs & trunks all wired and tied together. Made a shelf for papers out of half an old orange crate, and turned the radio receiver off. Walked down the ridge, over the snow that follows so evenly the very crest--snow on the north slope, meadows and trees on the south. Small ponds, lying in meadows just off the big snowfields, snags, clumps of Mountain hemlock, alpine fir, a small amount of Alaska cedar.

Got back, built a fire and took the weather. About six two bucks came, one three-point, one four-point, very warily, to nibble at huckleberries and oats and to eat the scraps of mouldy bacon I threw out. Shaggy and slender, right in the stiff wind blowing mist over the edge of the ridge, or out onto the snowfield, standing out clear and dark against the white. Clouds keep shifting--totally closed in; a moment later across to Pyramid Peak or up Thunder Creek it's clear. But the wind stays.

Now I've eaten dinner and stuffed the stove with twisted pitchy Alpine fir limbs. Clumps of trees fading into a darker and darker grey. White quartz veins on the rocks out the south window look like a sprinkling of snow. Cones on the top boughs of the Alpine fir at the foot of the rocks a DARK PURPLE, stand perfectly erect, aromatic clusters of LINGAMS fleshy and hard.

Lookout free talk time on the radio band: Sauk called Koma Kulshan, Church called Sauk, Higgins is talking to Miner's Ridge. Time to light the lamp.

23 July

Days mostly cloudy--clouds breaking up to let peaks through once in a while. Logan, Buckner, Boston, Sahale, Snowpeak, Pyramid, Névé, Despair, Terror, Fury, Challenger. And the more distant Redoubt and Glacier Peak. As well as Hozomeen and Three Fingered Jack. Right now looking down on the Skagit--pink clouds--pale rose-water pink, with soft shadings of gray and lavender, other combinations of pastel reds and blues, hanging over Pyramid Peak.

Fretting with the Huang Po doctrine of Universal Mind. What a thorny one.

25 July

Last night: thunderstorm. A soft piling of cumulus over the Little Beaver in late afternoon--a gradual thickening and darkening. A brief shower of hail that passed over & went up Thunder Creek valley: long grey shreds of it slowly falling and bent in the wind--while directly above Ruby Creek sunlight is streaming through velvety navy blue over Hozomeen, with the sun going down behind Mt. Terror and brilliant reds and pinks on the under-clouds, another red streak behind black Hozomeen framed in dark clouds. Lightning moving from Hozomeen slowly west into red clouds turning gray, then black; rising wind. Sheet lightning pacing over Little Beaver, fork lightning striking Beaver Pass.

This morning a sudden heavy shower of rain and a thick fog. A buck scared: ran off with stiff springy jumps down the snowfield. Throwing sprays of snow with every leap: head held stiffly high.

9 August

Sourdough radio relay to Burns:

to: Ray Patterson, District Assistant, Early Winters
Ranger Station.

from: Jud Longmoor.

"Kit, Ted, and Lucky went out over Deception Pass probably headed for Airport. Belled but not hobbled. Horse took out in night, August 3, above Fish Camp. The Shull Creek Trail is not passable now. Mt. Baker string will pack us to Skypilot Pass Thursday August 5.

Have Ken Thompson meet us there with pack string and saddle horse for Loring. We will have pack gear and riding saddle."

Lightning storm again: First in twilight the long jagged ones back of Terror & Fury, later moving down Thunder Creek, and then two fires: right after the strikes, red blooms in the night. Clouds drifting in & obscuring them.

Discipline of self-restraint is an easy one; being clear-cut, negative, and usually based on some accepted cultural values. Discipline of following desires, always doing what you want to do is hardest. It presupposes self-knowledge of motives, a careful balance of free action and sense of where the cultural taboos lay--knowing whether a particular "desire" is instinctive, cultural, personal, a product of thought, contemplation, or the unconscious. Blake: if the doors of perception were cleansed, everything would appear to man as it is, infinite. For man has closed himself up, til all he sees is through narrow chinks of his cavern. Ah.

the frustrate bumblebee turns over
 clambers the flower's center upside down
 furious hidden buzzing
 near the cold sweet stem.

In a culture where the aesthetic experience is denied,
 and atrophied, genuine religious ecstasy rare, intellectual
 pleasure scorned--it is only natural that sex should become
 the only personal epiphany of most people & the culture's
 interest in romantic love take on staggering size.

The usefulness of hair on the legs: mosquitoes and
 deerflies have to agitate it in drawing nigh the skin--
 by that time warned--Death to Bugs.

(an empty water glass is no less empty than a universe
 full of nothing) --the desk is under the pencil.

Sourdough Mountain Lookout 12 August

3: 55 p. m.	Desolation calls in his weather
4: 00	Sourdough starts calling Marblemount
4: 00	Sam Barker asks for the air: "Dolly call the doctor at Concrete and have him go up to Rockport. There's a man got hurt up here."
4: 01	Marblemount: "Up where?"
4: 01	Barker: "Up here on Sky Creek. A fellow from Stoddard's logging outfit."
4: 01	Marblemount: "Okay Sam. Marblemount clear."
4: 10	Sourdough calls his weather in to Marblemount.
4: 11	Barker: "Dolly, did you make that call through?"
4: 11	Marblemount: "You mean for the doctor?"
4: 12	Barker: "Yeah. Well the man's dead."
4: 12	Marblemount: "Who was he?"
4: 12	Barker: "I don't know, the one they call the Preacher."
4: 13	Somebody I couldn't hear, calling Marblemount.
4: 13	Marblemount: "The Sky Creek trail. I don't know. Somebody they call the Preacher." Marblemount clear.

14 August

11: 30 Hidden Lake spots a smoke; he hardly gets an azimuth in to Marblemount but I've got it too & send my reading in. Then all the other Lookouts in the north Cascades catch it--a big column in the Baker River District, between Noisy and Hidden creeks.

So Phil on Sauk Mountain is busy calling Darrington and Marblemount for the suppression crews, and then the patrol plane comes to look at it and says its about six acres of alpine timber. & the trucks are off, and Willey the cook has to go too, and the plane flies over to drop supplies as a fire-fighter's camp.

Don't be a mountaineer, be a mountain.
And shrug off a few with avalanches.

Sourdough Mountain at the hub of six valleys: Skagit, Thunder, Ruby, Upper Skagit, Pierce Creek, Stetattle creek.

20 August

Skirt blown against her hips, thighs, knees
hair over her ears
climbing the steep hill in high-heeled shoes

(the Deer come for salt, not affection)

--Government Confucianism, as in the Hsiao-ching / Filial Piety--a devilish sort of liberalism. Allowing you should give enough justice and food to prevent a revolution, yet surely keeping the people under the thumb. "If you keep the taxes just low enough, the people will not revolt, and you'll get rich." Movements against this psychology--the Legalistic rule of Ch' in; Wang Yang-min perhaps?

This in Chinese; plus Blake's collected, Walden, and sumi-painting, pass the time.

Nature a vast set of conventions, totally arbitrary, patterns and stresses that come into being each instant; could disappear totally anytime; and continues only as a form of play: the cosmic / comic delight.

"For in this period the Poet's work is done and all the great events of time start forth and are conceived in such a period, within a moment, a Pulsation of the artery."

--True insight a love-making hovering between the void and the immense world of creation. To symbolically represent prajña as female is right. The Prajña girl statue from Java.

22 August

Old Roy Raymond hike up and see me. About noon I'm chopping wood. We spend the afternoon playing horseshoes with mule-shoes; this morning playing poker.

"My Missus died a few years ago so I sold the house and the furniture til I got it down now to where I can get everything into a footlocker. My friends'd ask me What you sell that for, & hell, what use did I have for it? I'll never marry again."

So he spends his time in the mountains--construction jobs, forestry, mining. Winters in Aberdeen.

Kim on Desolation radios over (evenings) to read bits of picturesque speech and patter from antique "Reader's Digests" he's found chez Lookout.

Ross Lake Guard Station 31 August

Friday morning with snow coming in and storms all across the north Cascades, straight down from Canada, Blackie radios to come down. Work all morning with inventory; put the shutters sown & had to pack an enormous load of crap off the mountain. About 85 pounds.

Forest Service float on Ross Lake: all on a big raft; corrugated walls and roofing. Porch with woodpile. A floating dock with crosscuts, falling saws, spikes,

wood in't. At one end the green landing barge moored alongside. The main raft, with a boat-sized wood door; inside a tangle of tools, beds, groceries. A vast Diesel Marine Engine-block in the middle of the deck with a chainsaw beside it. Kim on a cot next to that. Shelves on the unpainted wall with rice, coffee, pancake syrup. Cords, vices, wires on the workbench. A screen cooler full of bacon and ham. And this enters, under the same roof, into another dock-room in which the patrol boat floats, full of green light from the water. Around the edge bales of hay and drums of diesel. Moored alongside outside, the horse raft. Covered with straw and manure. A sunny windy day, lapping the logs.

Trail crew work up Big Beaver creek 4 September

Crosscutting a very large down cedar across the trail and then wedging, Kim gets below Andy bellers out "Get your goddamn ass out of there you fuckin squarehead you wanna get killed?"

We make a extra big pot of chocolate pudding at the shelter that night make Kim feel better.

Surge Milkers: "This man had a good little brown heifer that gave lots of milk, and one morning he put the milker on her and went back inside and fell asleep and slept an hour. And that little heifer had mastitis in two days."

Hitching south, ca. 21 Sept

Down from Skykomish, evening light,
back of a convertible wind whipping the blanket
clear sky darkening, the road winding along the river
willow and alder on the bank, a flat stretch of
green field; fir-covered hills beyond, dark
new barns and old barns--silvery shake barns--
the new barns with tall round roofs.

In Berkeley: 1 October 1953

"I am here to handle some of the preliminary
arrangements for the Apocalypse.

Sand in pockets, sand in hair,
Cigarettes that fell in seawater
Set out to dry in the sun.
Swimming in out of the way places
In very cold water, creek or surf
Is a great pleasure."

Under the Canary Island Pine
zazen and eating lunch. We are all immortals
& the ground is damp.

end lookout

LORINE NEIDECKER: WINTERGREEN RIDGE

Where the arrows
of the road signs
lead us:

Life is natural
in the evolution
of matter

Nothing supra-rock
about it
simply

butterflies
are quicker
than rock

Man
lives hard
on this stone perch

by sea
imagines
durable works

in creation here
as in the center
of the world

let's say
of art
We climb

the limestone cliffs
my skirt dragging
an inch below

the knee

the style before
the last

the last the least
to see
Norway

or ' half of Sussex
and almost all
of Surrey'

Crete perhaps
and further:
' Every creature

better alive
than dead
men and moose

and pine trees'
We are gawks
lusting

after wild orchids
Wait! What's this? -
sign:

Flowers
loveliest
where they grow

Love then enjoy them
and leave them so
Let's go!

Evolution's wild ones
saved
continuous life

through change
from Time Began
Northland's

unpainted barns

fish and boats
now this -

flowering ridge
the second one back
from the lighthouse

Who saved it? -
Women
of good wild stock

stood stolid
before machines
They stopped bulldozers

cold
We want it for all time
they said

and here it is -
horsetails
club mosses

stayed alive
after dinosaurs
died

Found:
laurel in muskeg
Linnaeus' twinflower

Andromeda
Cisandra of the bog
pearl-flowered

f)

Lady's tresses
insect-eating
pitcher plant

Bedeviled little Drosera
of the sundews
deadly

in sphagnum moss

sticks out its sticky
(Darwin tested)

tentacled leaf
toward a fly
half an inch away

engulfs it
Just the touch
of a gnat on a filament

stimulates leaf-plasma
secretes a sticky
clear liquid

the better to eat you
my dear
digests cartilage

and tooth enamel
(DHL spoke of blood
in a green growing thing

in Italy was it?)
They do it with glue
these plants

Lady's slipper's glue
and electric threads
smack the sweets-seeker

on the head
with pollinia
The bee

befuddled
the door behind him
closed he must

go out at the rear
the load on him
for the next

flower

Women saved
a pretty thing: Truth:

'good to the heart'
It all comes down
to the family

'We have a lovely
finite parentage -
mineral

vegetable
animal'
Nearby dark wood -

I suddenly heard
the cry
my mother's

there the light
pissed past
the pistillate cone

how she loved
closed gentians
she herself

so closed
and in this to us peace
the stabbing

pen
friend did it
close to the heart

pierced the woods
red
(autumn?)

Sometimes it's a pleasure
to grieve
or dump

the leaves most brilliant

as do trees
when they' ve no need
of an overload
of cellulose
for a cool while
Nobody nothing
ever gave me
greater thing
than time
unless light
and silence
which if intense
makes sound
Unaffected
by man
thin to nothing lichens
grind with their acid
granite to sand
These may survive
the grand blow-up -
the bomb
When visited
by the poet
from New Castle on Tyne
I neglected to ask
what wild plants
have you there
how dark
how inconsiderate
of me
Well I see at this point
no pelting of police
with flowers

no uprooted gaywings
 bishop' s cup

white bunchberry
 under aspens
 pipsissewa

(wintergreen)
 grass of parnassus
 And beyond:

ferns
 algae
 water lilies

Scent
 the simple
 the perfect

order
 of that flower
 water lily

I see no space-rocket
 launched here
 no mind-changing

acids eaten
 one sort manufactured
 as easily as gin

as we drive
 toward cities
 the change

in church architecture -
 now it' s either a hood
 for a roof

pulled down to the ground
 and below
 or a factory-long body

crawled out from a rise

of black dinosaur-necked
blower-beaked

smokestack-
steeple
Murder in the Cathedral's

proportions
Do we go to church
No use

discussing heaven
HJ's father long ago
pronounced human affairs

gone to hell
Great God -
what men desire! -

the scientist: a full set
of fishes
the desire to know -

another: to talk beat
act cool
release la' go

So far out of flowers
human parts found
wrapped in newspaper

left at the church
near College Avenue
More news: the war

which 'cannot be stopped'
the pollened ragweed
sneezeweed

whose other name
Ambrosia
goes for a community

Ahead - home town

second shift steamfitter
ran arms out

as tho to fly
dived to concrete
from loading dock

lost his head
Pigeons
(I miss the gulls)

mourn the loss
of humans
no wild bird does

It rained
Mud squash
Willow leaves

in the eaves
Old sunflower
you bowed

to no one
but Great Storm
of Equinox

Wontsing

beckon in the year .

Kansing Wontsing

in

on

sensed at one

dark side of mountain

north side of stream

starlight forever in Marie' s breast

at napetide

the gratitude

brimming with no one' s

ever loved me

gives

bladder so happy

thanks

a farewell pee

hunched on the toilet

little fish

that I could love

someone so different from me

in

on

forever

enton yuzu

working out over years

utter enlightenment

the light one carries

the light of the moon

in

on

Marie

alone

my second birth

cuttlefish oranges
torture mill
in aqua lights
fuchsia grapes
dear rice
douzed cliffs

& spread about me the wonderment of his toys
that he is no locust husk
this son, I've
not climbed out of him
soft millfly arace in starlight

in her breast
is her breast
in
on

my hand
brail cereal

you give
someone something
soft millfly arace in starlight

it happens so fast
as I bathed him
Matthew to my cheek
moy moy as Mastroianni
como estas padre
the tone of moon in
on
me

Marie
alone

utter enlightenment

will give you brown rice
sauteed
dissolve armor
Ohsawa
Reich

my new ones
are my oldest ones
a man is a woman is a man

cased steers
no longer
will I be haunted
by the blood of those
I have devoured is Job
at mercy of Marie
is not alone

moon
in
on her

O lovely creature
change
because I could not stop for love
she kindly stopped for me
her Carriage
can look at you
Carnage apricots
I believe in your lion-form
Vietnam fullraped
gnawed at tooth
waters forever in the slings of rocks

& hold just myself
my mortality
as I settled into your Carriage
We slowly drove
for I had put away my haste
my labor and my leisure too for
why am I changed,
how has this been the year of my change
1967
idiot ciphers
all part of one body
but a fleck
as Reich saw stars guppy
his Adam?

Is it as Frank says

when we get to the other side the river has disappeared
 is Generation swallowed up in Regeneration is
 O my utter enlightenment
 cuttlefish

moon
 in
 moon
 radish
 consumed

is unconsumed
 giving
 is

my wife
 my citadel
 her Carriage

holds just ourselves
 Duration
 spread about me in wonderment
 Decay

I want to be happy
 orga orga
 to exorcise Donald Hall from all of Richard's letters
 Job

in lion-form
 suffering real
 pleasure
 pain
 for we do not drink from one wine
 intertwined Rilke
 Hitler
 but of the ages
 thyme in sage
 we get
 thru moonlight
 ginger
 felt her stomach
 coming erect
 loved raw pulsing erection
 tongue up in

vagina taste
 of your diaphragm in my nose
 bough
 out
 pine led out by the children walking
 Frank
 whose most hated
 word clerk
 comes home to
 brood
 unending cycle
 in
 on

my shoulders
 that light is in
 on
 that light is in
 on that
 light is in on
 stone
 that this year I've sensed
 cuttlefish
 vat of feeling
 in apricot
 on pit
 in pit
 on semen
 exploding
 podal
 podal

it is
 Marie
 alone

for the first time in my life
 at lion power
 mother father all is redeemed

& spread out around me a woman's face
 Barbara's cheeks of rice
 Chinese eyes
 in the form of Barbara's face
 Do not doubt the poem

Black Mane
 flowing over me
 Anima

surrounded by eyes upon eyes a peacock omiyagi
 utter enlightenment is Matthew's toys
 that they are there
 that you are here
 that I am here
 separate
 together
 there is no blame
 in
 on
 the point at which

I TOUCH YOU!

island opening
 O cunt cunt cunt & again cunt
 with rollers and steamers & hot dyes & oranges & walnuts
 raped rise in the young girl's lattice
 My selfhood still in love
 will always be in love with violence it is fire
 my wife
 citadel
 it is fire

policeman's face
 young girl
 cascading Rockerfeller
 Salvation tortured Army
 all man

is all men
 one body
 do not hurt Marie
 like you hurt Barbara
 one time you are here
 the elect
 if
 in
 on
 drives you,

teach

another
nothing

Marie
alone

give
bough out
minister
wrenched out
each day at noon
fucked into the day
day fucked into me
the daylights
I will blow out of you
roar over love's body
when I was born Leo rising
violence is only in unheard of acts
hearing loves all stamina
gives lives in
on me, wrench
locked at the base
of my neck,
screwed like a desk to the earth
accept it
roar pouring thru you
day fuck into me
Yo
ro
no
ma
do
Ni
e
mon
ji
ma
Yoru
no
mado Ni
e
mon Ji
ma Yoruno
MadoNi
Emonjima

Conjunct
Spheres Identical
Pass out into the night

Because I could not stop for Love
She kindly stopped for me
The Carriage held but just ourselves
Mortality

We slowly swung--She knew no haste
And I had put away
My creation & my happiness too,
for Her necessity--

We passed procreation, the need thereof, where Children strove
like Oxen in a Ring,
We passed the Fields of Growing Life
We passed Conception's Sun

or rather--He passed us--
The loft grew quivering & chill--
For only on my Knees, my Body--
My Courage--only Skin--

We rushed into a House that seemed
A Swelling of the Ground--
Its Pipes were scarcely visible--
The Heartline--in the Sound--

Since then, there' re no longer Centuries--and yet
Each Moment feels longer than the Day
I first surmised the Plumber's Joy
was Bursting in Lead--

§ § §

second birth
pain
of reprisal

that the prize

is a power over,
is the property

of Property,
succinct
member,

Robert Kelly
the pain
righteous

not giving up
what I know I
am right to,

booty,
an act of retaliation
against

Kelly
enemy
since

he is
likewise
unmoved.

Chess
in chest
tansu

worms
carried
as is Matthew

from Japan
carried from
curried

house to house
all falls to
paring

Robert Kelly
or take it as

tomato eggplant

How can you
not love
any man's genuine

talent,
given
this

fact?
How can you
love

but love
as open able
not as a door

stuck to open
organ
as eye is

open when it
wants
it always wants

at
root the cry
his hand

his brail
cereal,
back to

his back thru
toy fair,
all let go is

always a toy
fair in the face
of the chance

to get back
at that
back,

that spurned you,
dorsal
in your soup,

Blake has it tho
enemy not
to be forgiven

until he confesses
his wrong,
mercy

is that I do not need to
think of you
tho you wronged me

you sick enuch.
Is
that where it is?

Lampe
on
5th

hairflowed
out from under
his weakness

burnished
during war,
I would not

question
his weakness
given my

delight at
his resurgence,
it is
yes, resurgence

the shade
of your
eyes before my face

my father your face
outlined in fire
feeding your mail into

the pit
your cookout back
fire place,

place fired
your presence

buckeye timeless
blue clouds over Chinatown
white over Indianapolis
flames licking your profile
sunlight at flames you
feed

into the fire
in

on
Matthew in
me on
meow

we only write
regular stanzas
when not in love,
love

is
energy the life of the body total confrontation in the act
creation Matthew

father at my face

flames anger enough to be changed
when Matthew came into the world

I saw that all of man's images of world creation & apocalypse have
their seedbed,

or where I first

saw Barbara in creation
along a bank

violets cornflowers over way beyond us
we stepped along

I was at her mons veneris
when I was closest to her
can that be true

it is so much against the force of my argument that I cld
be most touched by her thru the force

of a place thru her presence,
 and was
 her slit open
 Matthew snarled at neck
 torn away from Niagara,
 their creation
 in man at pod break
 blood all violence
 enegenerated
 engendered
 it breaks forth
 yellow river blood river Po Wabash Annandale
 as our arms are up into it
 washing or at armlengths away from a beast
 in her
 that it come towards us
 does not injure us

this is more than man can bear

Penis
 in Vagina

Trust in
 God

our only home
 our homelessness is our utter enlightenment

that I cld be back
 in you father
 wld make me feel
 better abt Kelly

but that all
 the past is
 all
 the past

I'm
 only here
 cobra
 leaned into daybreak

I am

either a
friend
of myself

or
nothing,
blood
is not clear
moon
in
on
me
loves Cage
Lorca equally,

is it this not
forgetting
that is the moon,

source
of Marie
alone?

I mean,
that the hesitance in the act
is as real as
act,

is act,
wash basin
held to moon

sloshed
grindered foetus
at

roadside Indiana
it's not
what else cld
he have done

but that he is
here
holding the thing in his hands,

as if he answered

It grows greener
 redder, in sun
 light, flames,
 his temple vein is
 more, now, a lobe
 blue over bone
 the softness
 therein felt
 partially rot
 thus not terror

Kelly is just
 as sacred
 and just
 as scared
 as

you are,
 aoi,
 blue

bfren
 green
 aoi

inter
 us,

dad wadded

cast against the lattice
 pebbles
 cast against the lattice

§§§

I am happy I am alive
 & I am happy you are alive
 Christ in 3
 that I speak of you
 that that happens is holy

& what got this poem going is
 I find I've been speaking of Robert
 saying Yes, the AXON DENDRON TREE
 write 5 more.

that I wash Matthew
 laid over my leg
 asshole
 less than navel,
 that we are more
 here than
 out of.

that I wash Grace Paley's legs
 which must be tired from marching,
 that I might do very well
 to get down and kiss them,
 for it would mean nothing more than
 bough out does to grass up
 or Robert Nichol's legs
 mean to all the poetry in his soul,
 or Ronald Johnson's legs
 are also used for carrying
 that each word he writes
 is everything he can give,
 and he is holy
 but no more no less
 than an IBM typewriter.
 Life does not stop
 at the cock

nor begin with it,
 all act or voice of genius comes from people
 and goes toward people, immediately or transmitted
 by incessant breezes, by the reddened smoke
 of tense promises not held.

How
 much do I have to give?

Marie grinning.
 Was
 that a mistake?

We never know.

bough
out

never so full
as at that moment in Japan
remember everything.

flickering off & on
a xmas tree bulb
in the chest of Marie's

photo over my head
she is drawing back
is my destiny aligned with you?

I think it is,
 I am so full
if you will
 just not
turtorue me I will
 never stop flowing
believe that I only
want to plant
fuck,
kill,
watch the sunrise,

 it comes in waves
gemini over gemini
under the Marine's butt
stoke in Fuherer
will only be raised,
 may

only be
touched
in the forest
fire of
his humanity,

for if he wld
fall in shadow,
Leon,
he wld die,

this seed
that needs a bone-
withering blast to openit,

so much to
be opened,
Leo

in pride,
soft fire
how

can words
ever be more than
soaked in earth
of absorbed
in rock

in wife .
in citadel .
that

which is my material
absorbed in my cry
cri in lattice
joan

caterpillar jerusalem

O HAVE ME
rock
at friendlength
swept away from conflict
I am here to be used
at waterfall there was no waterfall
reconstruction walked away
nightfall in the inn
stood on beach leaving you higher
wrapped ropes sound off island on island
climbing to be away from you away from you
on shore wanting you chipped in rock
SEA
DARKENING
WILD

GEESE

CRY
FAR

white
crest
of the hour

I waited for you
you did not come
pater
in mudfly,

Xrist
what do I
have to say to atone
for my aiming of

Hirschman,
twins yoked
by archer,

laugh
in
on laugh

conexis
of pain & pleasure,
it will come here slowly
as that's the way its always been.
believe

in archer,
who led
you here

WILL LEAD YOU HENCE,
The cries of men to be born
O Aires sweep
me away from her

in
to Ni
E
Monjima,

and that I know now Niemonjima

the sand of a piece of furniture spinning thru my organic
Yoru,

how life's
dance finds
its dance
in the poem,

the whole thing
is to bow out
Lead
me into Lead,
end

seizure.

Job

at peace with flock
inner
worms in ricebowl.
now you know
you wanted to be away
from her

Washed Cabbage

Rice

Spirits.

Alphabet

Blocks

Penis

Yoru

Everything that happens to you is what you are lacking
He who can embrace his antagonists is the happiest man
Give everything with greatest pleasure & thanks
Health is nothing but a good

equilibrium established between those two antagonistic systems
on
in

bough
out

neither title

you are

no longer interested in yourself.

kill
 still
 in measure,

 paranoia
 lights flashing
 at the rim,

 crab giving birth.
 obsidian,
 fucking & killing
 still
 identity,

at the base of
 the mind one piece.
 Gorgon
 measure.
 That you

still believe
 you are a killer,
 if

Reich
 means
 anything

you
 must experience
 this difference,
 as if in the muscle
 of the poem
 this contraction
 keeps you
 still

 at identity.
 turban
 titty
 tarftan,

but nothing makes any sense
 til you get at this once thing
 Turban
 Titty
 -a-la-tarftan

Tribe

out of the soundi
enegnerding you.

Engeneering you

Kneading you

Guts held

as by a Fist

at floor

at floor

to admit

its sick?

That the tit is a turban of guilt

that the turban winds back into the tit

wch is your consciousness

banked in shit

Stomach

Still

Banded

Against

NightCrawler

IT DOES NOT
MATTER WHAT
YOU EAT,

experience your brokenness

that the thunder in your head

is the graft between

righthand littlefinger & #4

connected to

the cramp in your left leg,

severed Xrist body

you carry erect

in Full Health

in Wonder at his Things

abt you.

Good lord,

be gentle to

everything you touch,

as you are.

Everything you touch

As you Are.

Xrist

Wrecked

Health

Around you.
CRAB

in Stellar Crown
SEA SLUG
the shit of your own decision.

I had wanted to take
this whole fusilage with me thru acid wine sleep
come down

Job
is still
Job,

man
cant
be budged in his sufferings,

STOP EXPERIENCING YOUR BIRTH

aort
aorta of pain
otal
intalgio
otakeim
cave
help
me in,
blood

it is only the innards
remain
but forever.

torture leaves
trunk Nixon
freed of cancer

otum
OTUM
get up
into yr sphere,

mating leo

scorpion
 he cant find where to put it
 she wants to cut it

STOP THAT BULLSHIT

aort
 aorta
 otal

O Fiesh!
 O FIESH!

Clean' em, clean' em, gettim outa you,
 all that Hebrew bullshit, all
 that animal, all that
 whitetrampshit
 niggersnipfire
 cleanit out
 fuckit outa aorta
 o you unclean mistle
 you filthy penis
 fuckitoutayou

git all that LeRoi Jones outa you
 you clean mistle
 you clean snipafire,

rapt
 in jellum,
 napalm
 wreath,

all that
 shitin you,
 that this machine
 is part of the

god masticating you,
 enwreathed
 in jellum,
 jizzom
 jazz
 sticky on
 all that

force in your gut
 for such thin hands
 funk, all
 that squirm youd lika bloe

in their Face,

squirt on page,
the majesty
 & the depth
of my
 misery plumbed
Sink Tread

OUR MASS
TURBINED
 INTO MAREEEEEEEEE,

flunking
you,
fuckit outa you,
fuckit outa you,
our Lady
 in our Sea
ops groind
oru
eating,
 at the base of the tree
there aint no Artaud thing to rehearse
no Louis eating Celia
 wiredjawed retriever
locked in its curse,

 lower level,
to aim
 at who are human,
now regenerated
youd suckoff Zukofsky
who wld suckoff you
 means you no

longer play by their games.
 G i v e n all you know
you still
 are given,

you cannot
give, really,
let fantasy beconsumed

O Xrist,

WHY

I'll just cancel myself out.

Xristos mixed in spirit

rock in dusk

dusk in pinnacle

this is why I've held off

rock in dusk in dawnlight pinnacle

THAT THESE

LAST HOURS FORM

A CONNECTION

WITH JIM TENNEY

& CAROLEE SCHNEEMANN

IF I AM GOING TO BE DEVOURED

I WANT TO BE DEVOURED WITH CREATORS

I WILL NOT

GO WITH ANY

LESS THAN

I AM

b a s t a,

the best wine,

orto

gostollion perefinee

ortam

ortam

prot

oust as prow

ha hha haha hhhhhhhhhh

This is a kristMass

DECK THE HALLS

Out old Fustum out Zukofsky

Out ole Blakam

outole M 2

old code for

ortam

stand as you

experience it

island

at nightfall

dawn

on

in

to

hooked
crawler,
into

AGHGHGHGH,
whipped into you worpspeed
the machine running close to my ear
the audience can hear
the sound of my reels,

island

GLORY OSTRAM

Glory of my islands filled with stars
hooked
into nightCrawler

Torn Out

Glory Unto the New Year

They Were Grasphsing

Goats Around itsh Peakssh

Glory

on

in,

we climbed the island
at morning-rise,
we had not been able to ocaso
at night

Old sun ached in

all its toursns,

O shit

who cares

fucked in who is wfoofed in

GLORY

TO JOHN CAGE

you were simply

trying to make peace with her

you were trying to go up her hill

you were trying to sleep

and to fuck her, you were

& you were and you Were

O GLORY

into the New Year

O fiber

bamboo prying the N F L g i r l' s face apart

HOW LONG CAN YOU WITHSTAND

THE TOTAL

ORTAM
 GLORY
 ALL MAN & WOMAN RESTORED TO LION FORMS
 ORTAM
 GLORY

to Matthew
 glory to Carolee
 glory to Jim
 glory

glory glory Marie
 O glory glory Marie
 O manytim2s

red mountain
 Rothenberg
 trudged up
 how beautiful to see
 my friend' s face,

glory to Michael
 glory to Doris
 glory to Bennet
 glory to Oda
 glory to SAUL
 ODASAUL
 glory odasaul
 glory michaeldoris
 michaelodimas in splendour

IS CHRISTMAS
 starlight sprinkling
 chao chao ole Job
 wipe off the ledger

as forever
 my song
 awakened me from my dream,
 that Donald Phelps is a weightless angel
 o mercy & power
 for Donald Phelps in his Lion Form
 for that the oranhrtree ankes on Hirschman
 Collie Lavender Starlight
 on
 in

O MiadenForm for Otan Otan
 Yorunomado
 Ni

eMonJiMa O O anke me
 ANK ME ANK ME
 Glory Island on in Rising Splendour Moving
 Fustianfear WeightlessAngel
 FUSTY STILL THERES SUMTHIN FUSTY BOUT YR

Gory glory
 New Birth at
 midyear
 Leonancy
 ortalostangostanchancey
 moving beauty chao chao
 Glory
 HALLELULAH ELAINE
 GLORY
 MICHAEL DORIS
 HLLER SOMMER

AGUA moving FUSCHIA
 always forever in ELAINE
 Leonostratancy
 OrtonGollia
 Barbara in Lion Form
 Matthew in Lion Pisces Form
 OrtonGolia HALLELUHAH AFLAME
 orton meastrod
 cho kon

GLORY
 MICHAELDORIS
 HELLERCHILDINSOMMER
 OrtonGollia in the Neufame
 OrtonGollia Meastern Splendour
 AuroraBorealisMeastronSplendour
 glory

GLORY VILE SPIRITUM DEPART
 EXITUS CUERPUM DORIS
 OrtonFlaileaNeufameMeastromSplendour
 Marie in Archer Fish Illuminatum
 OrtonFlaileaNeufameNewFlameMeastomMyFeast
 Meal O Fish Issuillustratam
 BoughOut
 o o o my eggnoodles

o my earth
 fed up tidieumsplendour
 At midnight at noon
 fucking around in the peaks
 Ha Hah O Nora's Splendour
 whipped into the roar
 on
 in

on
 in
 O Night
 Before Xmas
 XMAS
 Hallelujah Robert Kelly
 OrtonGollia Oaks in Splendour
 that we wanted
 her

that we received her
 ORTONGOLLIA
 OAKS IN SPELDOUR
 ORTONGOLLIA CHRISTFIRE
 Gloy OriOriOriolumAmbus
 GLORY TO THE CHRISTFIRE OF LARRY MAEYERS
 PAULBLACKBURNSARAH
 BARBARAMATTHEW

O glory of the tunnel that is the flame
 O glory for Armand who is Jerry who is
 ALFRENZIED

secretly Hirschmann
 secretly Eshleman
 ahh HA HA HA HA HA HA
 openly Hirschman
 aflame Sagitarius Christ
 caut in boughs

OTAN KRISTEEL BENTIN FLAMES
 OTAN KRISTEEL BENTIN FLAMES
 BARBERMATTHEWNIGHTINFLAMES
 GLORY FRIENDSHIP

LOVE
 MARIEPTUMHIRSCHMAN
 MARIESTUMHIRSCHMAN
 GLORY GLORY GLORY
 GLORY GLORY GLORY
 LIFEGUARD

LATTICE STOCKEDIN SALVA
KRISTAN,

ALPSMORTTON
GRACED GRACED GRACED
GLORY TO THE NEW FORM
ORTAN MAGOLIA OSTON SPLENDOUR,
WHICH IS HIS NAME
FOREVER MORE

Is Named Matthew Named in Coronation
on
in
her
on
in
her

CANOES INWCH WE ALLR WINNERS
ALSTONGARRULAR

ON
IN
HER

On
In

JackJoanne
ORIF SPELDENROUR
HA

HE IS RISEN
HE IS RISEN

OrtalgoftenNistenSpldour

ARIGATO!

A Night
Before Xmas
eve.

NYC. 8 p. m. - 3 a. m. 1967

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